SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Around Town.

It has been proven within the last couple of weeks that oratory has not ceased to exist in Canada. When a lawyer has an exceedingly bad case in court he loads himself up with highly spiced rhetoric and far-fetched precedents which he discharges at the jury with an amount of roar and bluster, tears and tremulo which he would never dream of using if he considered his arguments worth listening to. Our French parliamentarians from Quebec have been filling the Commons chamber with praise of British justice and French-Canadian loyalty. They have almost wept while they have sung the virtues of their fellow countrymen and recited their unalterable attachments to the sweet mother tongue of *la belle* France. The best speakers among the English members have joined in this fervid chorus with even greater sonorousness of lung, apparently hoping to appear unconscious of the fact that they are conspiring against those who speak the loved English tongue and hold that in Canada we should speak and think and feel as the greatest offspring of the British nation. Those of us who admire Mr. Blake's eminent ability, personal worth and devotion to his party, regret to hear his voice engaged after its long silence in championing a bad cause. It ill becomes a man who would have his country believe him a statesman to argue that the day for settling the troublesome question should be deferred until the trouble becomes intolerable. Then too we lose our respect for his ability or fairness, when he argues that dual language is needed in the North-West in order to attract French-Canadian emigrants thither, we all knowing that its existence has not attracted such emigration, and Mr. Charlton having already pointed out that the great tide of French-Canadian exodus had been towards the New England States where the loved tongue of the *habitant* receives no more recognition than Italian or Choctaw.

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The fact that the French language in the North-West costs but $400 per annum has been harped upon by the speakers and newspapers in favor of duality until one unacquainted with the circumstances would imagine that this whole movement had been originated as a measure of frugality. It is, however, a question of principle rather than pennies, a matter of national unity rather than the printing of statutes. If it were only $4 a year, as has been pointed out, Hampden's refusal to pay ship-money concerned an equally trifling sum, yet British institutions took upon themselves their present shape during the struggle which that refusal inaugurated. We have grown a little tired of this reiterated loyalty bombast so popular amongst French-Canadian orators. When speaking in the House of Commons, endeavoring to carry their point or obtain a subsidy, they bang their shapely hands upon their bulging bosoms and declaim of their loyalty to the British crown and constitution; when Cabinet Ministers are being *fêted* in constituencies made doubtful by the presence of a large English population these protestations of loyalty are also heard, but when the French-Canadian people meet together and unbosom themselves, when orators who have no preferment to gain in federal affairs unlimber their tongues, when the canvass is being made at the church-door and by the hearth of the *habitant*, then it is the preservation and extension of French language, laws, customs, religion and prejudices, of which they talk. "The new nation on the banks of the St. Lawrence," the time when they shall dominate and the encouraging progress they are making towards that doubtful period, the superior chivalry of those who know how to bow if they cannot read or write, the superior virtue of those who live on roads too deep in mud for anything but indwelling temptation to come to them, the superior piety of those whose good works do not make the world wiser or better because they are done in that seclusion which finds its highest ideal in church-going and beadtelling—these are the subjects of glorification when true French-Canadians meet together to celebrate the greatness of their past and the magnificence of their future. English-speaking Canada has no desire to belittle the simple virtues of the *habitant*. In many respects we might imitate the homely goodness which is made so uninteresting by the ignorance of its setting, but we have every reason to oppose the idea of French-Canadian domination, the extension of the language and the continuance of that solidarity which gives undue influence to those who are unworthy of unusual confidence. Some of the perfervid orators have gone so far as to allege that fanatics of the McCarthy type would forbid the French language to be spoken. This is nothing but hysterics. Nobody proposes to forbid Hon. Wilfred Laurier, Sir Hector Langevin, or Mr. Beausoleil from speaking the tongue they learned at their mothers' knee, as much as they individually or collectively please, nor will there ever be an attempt to hinder Mr. Robert White, Nicholas Flood Davin, Edward Blake, William Mulock, or Sir Cartwright from talking the French language in their constituencies, at home and in their offices, all day and all night long if they see fit. The only idea is to prevent the expenditure of public money for printing public documents in the French tongue and of in every way killing out the idea that this is a British and English-speaking country. The Hon. George W. Ross, Minister of Education for Ontario, endeavored, in the grandiloquent speech he delivered last year, to prove that the English are intruders in Canada and have no rights which are bound to be respected, and his co-partisans in the Dominion House of Commons are following in the same strain, apparently trying to make those who cannot speak French feel that they have nothing but squatters' rights in Canada. If this be true we cannot too soon learn what it means; if it be a false conception of our place and our destiny in the new world, those who have been so eloquent in advocating this strange doctrine should be taught that their eagerness for office will not be permitted to make a matter of barter and sale of that which we esteem to be a precious birthright.

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All this shouting and beating of sophistical tom-toms will not deaden the sound of the plain truth in the ears of the people. If the popular ear had not been prepared by the Jesuit Bill agitation, the noisy diversion might have had some effect in drowning the voices of Mr. McCarthy, Mr. Charlton and the brave gentlemen who have seconded their efforts to have the English language properly respected and extended in this British colony. It is a wish deeply rooted in the hearts of all British Canadians that the English language shall be *the* language, and, while they are prepared to stay their hands from interfering with what has been guaranteed the province of Quebec, they will not permit the extension of French in the new territories. Slavery was detested by the north but it was endured while it was confined to those southern states where its long establishment had made it seem necessary to the economic existence of the people. It was when efforts were being made to extend the number of slave states that public opinion became alarmed and the real fight against slavery began. In the struggle to make Kansas a slave state the Southern Confederacy seceded from the Union and a war began which ended in sweeping slavery from the face of the North American continent. The North-West is our Kansas, as the Ottawa river is our Mason and Dixon's line, and the French-Canadian representatives and those Ontario politicians who occupy the places that the Copperheads of the north did when the forces were dividing in the republic at the south of us, must take warning or in the struggle which will ensue the French as an official language will be wiped as well from the records of the Federal Government as from the pages of every province. Our John Brown and our Harper's Ferry are not far away, nor if the French-Canadians persist in their present plans, will abolition day be delayed by all the oratory and passionate denunciations of those who have espoused the cause of French-Canadian supremacy. The most brilliant orators in the United States Congress pleaded for delay, for peace, for slavery, yet when the God of nations willed that the struggle should begin it began, and the victory was for right, for the unification of a people, the progress of civilization, for the higher uplifting of a flag which, in the providence of God, was not and is not permitted to float without a great purpose. When we watch the analogy between the procedure in the two cases those of us who believe that the battle on the Plains of Abraham was fought for something, that the victory meant something then and means something still, can afford to wait if while waiting we do not refuse to do some of the work.

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There is a disposition to censure Miss Wright, the Ottawa evangelist whose mission to Hull caused so much disturbance. She is accused of being a fire-brand, and her right to invade the sacred territory of Quebec is questioned. I cannot say I have a very high opinion of the permanent good accomplished by evangelists of that sort, but I have an unalterably firm conviction that they have a right to go, in this Canada of ours, where they blame please so long as their conduct is not contrary to the statutes made and provided. I do not think I would be very apt to go out on missionary work of that sort myself, and the majority of Ontarians probably feel the same way, and yet ninety-nine out of every hundred good citizens would be willing to go with Miss Wright or any other evangelist, not personally obnoxious, to see that fair play was received. That Premier Mercier has at last bestirred himself to obtain this for Miss Wright does not reflect credit on him, but may be viewed as the outcome of the agitation in the House of Commons and in the Province of Ontario, which, had it gone further, would have resulted in the town of Hull being forced to listen to men who cared for civil rights probably much more than they did for the evangelist.

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The burning of our University has shown with what singular affection the people of this city regard that institution. When word went out on the night of that miserable rainy Friday that it was the burning of that grand old pile up in the park which was reddening the sky, people by scores of thousands turned out at the risk of their health and comfort to personally witness, as at the grave of a friend, the destruction of the much loved building. Throughout the whole city everyone whose opinion was worth having spoke of the disaster as a personal loss. Workingmen on the street cars discoursed about it with that hearty sympathy—and in such numbers too—that I feel more public spirited than many who are better able to pay the large amounts for which they are assessed than the wage earner is to spare his tax money from his little hoard. Toronto has become, almost without our knowing it, in spirit as in fact a university town. Our best citizens when they die leave a share of their wealth towards federated colleges and a man to entirely kill himself in the estimation of Torontonians need do nothing more than oppose the idea of our University being the center of a great circle of educational institutions federated with it. The Mowat Government in promptly coming to the relief of the University senate has done a graceful and proper thing which I believe will not be criticized either in Toronto or out of it. All classes of citizens love the University, and though they may not have had opportunities of a college course they hope that their sons or their grandsons or those dear to them will yet distinguish themselves in what is felt to be the head and brains of the province. It often takes a disaster to bring out such a beautiful phase of character as has been shown in connection with this matter, and we shall love our University better than ever when by paying our mite from the provincial revenue and yielding up a trifle in our city taxes we have a still greater part in providing for the maintenance and proper equipment of the institution which is known and respected the continent over. Those small spirits which contend that the city should not aid in the rebuilding and refurnishing of the University should be informed by some larger-minded person that it is by such meannesses as they contemplate that Toronto excites the antagonism and sometimes the contempt of the balance of the province. It is by such a small-hearted procedure that the Ontario Government is made fearful of spending money here because rural critics point to our own tardiness in investing the funds of the city in anything which is not solely for the benefit of ourselves. It is not astonishing that men like Alderman Frankland, for instance, are more concerned for improved cattle byres and abattoirs than universities, but they should have the gentleness to restrain themselves from expressions which betray anything but elevated instincts. Nor is it seemly to drag into this controversy as a reason why Toronto should do nothing the fact that after we had refused to adhere to our agreement with the University until patience had ceased to be a virtue, they availed themselves of their legal right to cancel the old agreement. Their adjustment of the matter was a liberal one and showed no disposition to exact the pound of flesh. I sincerely hope that when the matter is considered in the Council it will be from a liberal and public-spirited standpoint.

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There is another phase of the fire which appeals to every man who has had college days and loves an *alma mater*. When the boy is ripening into manhood and the pure and generous affection of his adolescent days is seeking like the ivy for something about which to cling, his college, no matter if the building be old and mean, is the material thing which he learns to love as the embodiment of the happiness he has felt, the ambitions which have been aroused, the growth and progress he has achieved while coming up from the freshman to the senior year. Every stone and brick which encloses the residence, lecture rooms, library and convocation hall, becomes dear to him as a part of the attire of his boyhood's sweetheart, and he loves it ever, for it is a sweetheart that never jilts, and grows in the memory, becoming more beautiful and sweetly sacred as years separate the gay collegian from the staid man of the world. No matter how many miles may sever him from the old campus and college I imagine that nobody's love weakens or memory ever wearies of going back and racing over the sward and resting in the shadows of those peaks and gables which sheltered us so many years ago.

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When both the people of our city and the *alumni* of the university have in their hearts such a sincere affection for this institution, when it is a part of the pride of not only our boys and men, but is revered by the women of three generations, I cannot imagine that our representative men will dare to be ungenerous or that those who feel a special nearness to the school and its history will fail to come forward and make it rise from its ruins greater and more beautiful than ever.

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I like the way Mr. McCarthy stood up in the House of Commons and defended himself in his anti-dual language bill. People love courage. There has been none of it shown except by Mr. McCarthy and his supporters. The abuse they have received is good training and the people of this country have reason to pray that it may develop leaders who know some higher motive than expediency. The vote on the Beausoleil amendment showed how little of liberality there is amongst the French members, for, after they had been besought by both Mr. Blake and Sir John and particularly by Sir Richard Cartwright to avoid the appearance of solidity as against all others, they went solidly for the amendment proposed by their fellow countryman, Mr. Chapleau alone voting against it. The analysis of the vote was as follows: For the amendment, Liberals 26, Conservatives 37. Against the amendment, Liberals 38, Conservatives 76. The *Mail* also divides the vote by religions as follows: For, Roman Catholics 53, Protestants 10. Against the amendment, Roman Catholics 6, Protestants 111. The compromise amendment proposed by Sir John Thompson drops the provincial rights contention of the Liberals out of sight inasmuch as he leaves the language of the North-West Assembly for the people of the territory to decide while retaining French in the courts and really re-affirming the constitutional necessity and justice of duality. Sir John Thompson has already excited suspicion in this province by the extraordinary lengths to which he is willing to go as a racial and religious partisan and even his pre-eminent ability will not save him from bitter criticism in this new movement. Mr McCarthy has thousands upon thousands of uncounted supporters in this province. Mr. Charlton is deservedly respected, and after the unmerited castigation inflicted upon him by Mr. Blake, will, I hope, determine unalterably to pursue the independent course which by nature and circumstances he was designed to take. He owes the Liberal party for nothing but snubs and abuse. They owe him for a talented support which must have been often given with many scruples of conscience. Now that he has cut loose from his old friends and Mr. Blake has taken pains to burn his bridges behind him, we may expect John Charlton of Norfolk to assume the place in the history of the country which he is so capable of filling. To-day Mr. McCartny and Mr. Charlton are bigger men in the eyes of the country than the leaders of either of the parties with which they have been associated.

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The proposition which delegations are urging on the Minister of Education that the Canadian flag should be hoisted on every schoolhouse on national days and displayed every day within the building is worthy of his attention, and he should not only advise it but make it compulsory. The movement on foot in the city to set apart a portion of the school time for the study of the history of our great men is equally worthy. It is no part of our loyalty to the Old Land to belittle our own country or to forget that our youth to be spurred on to greatness must have constantly before them men of their own country of such loftiness of character and achievement that their history will arouse in the youthful mind a determination to so live and act that if possible their memory may also be preserved and their virtues related after this life is over. There may be but little satisfaction for a man who has toiled all his life for his country to know that history will be just to him and that he shall not be forgotten even though his efforts have been repaid in this life by abuse and ingratitude, but it has been such faith that has held men faithful in noble endeavor and the youth of Canada should certainly have some examples before them greater than of those politicians of the present day who are determined to have their reward in place and power as they go along regardless of our future or what history may find to say about them.

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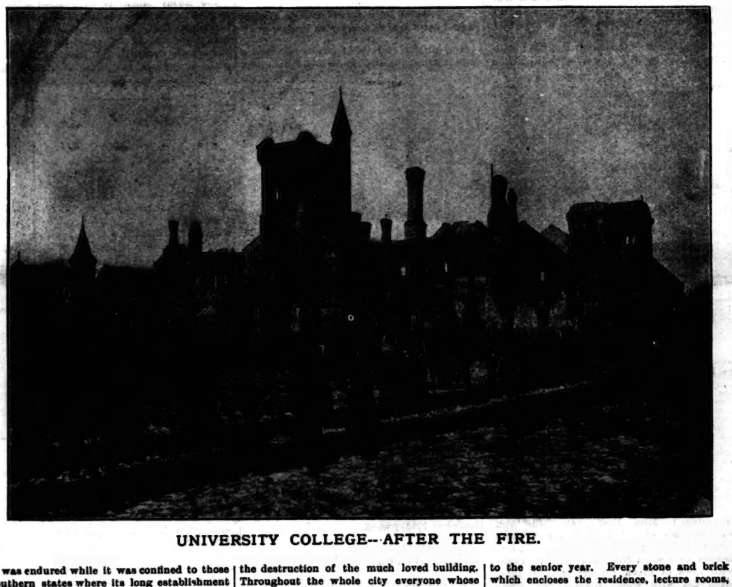
The labor legislation under consideration in our own Parliament, the movement in Switzerland for the consideration of labor questions, Emperor William's imperial rescripts and the continued discussion of the problems affecting wage earners in England and France, together with the attitude of the Catholic church on such matters, all prove to us that after many years of struggling the workingmen have at last obtained not only in America but in the older lands, recognition of their claims for consideration. It has been the fashion of many people when they heard of a strike or labor agitation to condemn the artisan for interfering with his own bread and butter. Men on other questions well informed and level-headed have been fond of calling him a fool when he joined in a strike or supported those who were striking. Every leader of labor movements was called a barnacle and all those who endeavored either directly or indirectly to assist the workingman in a fight for his rights were stigmatized as demagogues and vote hunters. Now that it has become more respectable to assist in this absolutely necessary work, those who have been so vicious in their criticisms, should look back over the years and inquire how wage earners could have secured the recognition which they are now receiving, had they been the passive slaves of employers, fearful to lose a day's work, lest hunger might visit their homes. Their cause has been much more reasonable than many which have led to bloody campaigns and untold suffering on battlefields. Their strikes often entailing much suffering and sometimes foolishly undertaken have been less the work of scheming leaders than those who undertaken the kings who are said to have made history. Their victories are those of the home and the glory of what they have achieved is not confined to a laurel wreath for the brow of an emperor or king. It is to be hoped that the consideration of those who really desire the welfare of the toiling classes will lead to proper legislation, such as will prevent those injustices sometimes inflicted by thoughtless employers and often by greedy contractors. Then we may hope that ill conceived strikes will not be inflicted by labor circles on the business of cities and disasters will not be brought to employer and employe alike in long and bitter struggles over unsettled questions as to the rights and contracts of the parties concerned. The labor question is the great problem of the future and that the civilized world is moving towards its settlement should make all parties more tolerant and thoughtful, that each of the two great opposing factions may be able to consider calmly and dispassionately what must be yielded to the other and what it is absolutely necessary to retain. And it is to be hoped, too, that both will remember that unjust demands and imperious conduct will damage the cause they are intended to support. DOT.



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE—AFTER THE FIRE.

Social and Personal.

On Saturday last the members of the Toronto Driving Club held a meet which must be considered one of the most enjoyable on their calendar. The pod-cards, which Mr. Edis Heward, the club's honorary secretary, sends out so punctually every week, had announced that if there was sleighing the meet would be at the Guns in the Queen's park at 5 o'clock for a drive around the outskirts of the city, and returning to Rohallion, where Col. and Mrs. Sweny had requested the pleasure of the company of the members for supper and dancing. As on Saturday the sleighing was as usual, found to be out of the question, the drive was abandoned. Not so the latter portion of the programme. Since some sixty ladies and gentlemen assembled at Rohallion at 7 p.m., there can have been but few absentees from among the members of the club. Supper was served in the famous room at the top of the house, which is large enough to allow of lawn tennis being played inside it, and in a court of the full regulation size. A number of little tables, a sumptuous repast, and, above all, an abundance of waiters—what more could be desired? The contrast between their present surroundings and those of the country hotels to which they usually drive, was such that the *gourmands* among the company especially ceased to lament that snow had been denied them. The period when tobacco claims mankind was very brief. Downstairs Corlett's band was playing a waltz, while ladies wondrous fair were waiting. The floor of Mrs. Sweny's ball-room is of an excellence too well known to need description. The band excelled themselves, while there were no programmes to mar the enjoyment of anybody. Those of Mrs. Sweny's guests who did not lament that the night was Saturday and that the hour of midnight must therefore be the limit to their pleasure, can have been but very few. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Kerr, Mr. Shanly, Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer, Mr. Albert Nordheimer, the Misses Beardmore, Miss Grace Boulton, Miss Amy Boulton, Miss Walker of Orillia, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. Tilley, Mr. Wallace Jones, Mr. Cawthra, Mr. Benjamin Cronyn, Mr. Herman Boulton, Miss Seymour of Port Hope, Miss Maud Vankoughnet, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. Hamilton Merritt, the Misses Yarker, Miss Small, Miss Cockburn of Ottawa, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Miss Campbell, Mr. Casimir Dickson, Mr. Pauw, Mr. George Beardmore, Mr. Sidney Small, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Miss Otter.

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Mr. and Mrs. Carnegie of London, England, are staying with friends at London.

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Sir John Thompson left town for Ottawa at the end of last week.

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Colonel Tisdale of Simcoe was in town this week.

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Mr. and Miss Cawthra of College avenue returned to town from a short visit to Ottawa, this week.

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Mrs. Albert Nordheimer and Miss Seymour of Port Hope have returned from Ottawa to Kenmore, Bloor street.

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Mrs. Warren Burton of Hamilton is staying with relations on Wellington street.

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The Hamilton Minstrels brought with them a large *claque* of friends and admirers on the occasion of their visit to Toronto last Saturday.

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Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Hope of Victoria, B. C., are staying with friends on Bloor street.

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Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Smith of London, Ont., were in town this week. Mrs. Smith (formerly Miss Daisy Brown of Hamilton) has been a constant and popular visitor to Toronto on all occasions of fashionable importance. This lady's wedding last month will be the talk of Hamilton for many a day to come.

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Mr. and Mrs. Falkland of Dublin, Ireland, have been staying with friends on Bloor street. Mr. and Mrs. Falkland have left for New York.

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The Misses Johnson of Spadina avenue have returned to town after a long absence in Bermuda and Florida.

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Mr. Labatt of London was in town this week.

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Mrs. John Cawthra of Beverley street gave a dinner party, of the more youthful kind, on Friday of last week.

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Plays from the other side of the Atlantic seldom fail to draw the fashion of the town. The sacred lamp of burlesque which was this week lighted at the Grand Opera House reflected its rays upon crowded and brilliant audiences. On Monday night "everybody" seemed to be there. A few names that occur to me are those of Major Harrison, Mr. and Mrs. Edwards, Mr. Gordon Jones, Mr. Wallace Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, Miss Maud Vankoughnet, the Misses Cawthra, Mr. Goldingham, Mr. Pauw, Mr. Benjamin Cronyn, the Messrs. McInnis, Mr. George Haye, Mr. John Morrow, the Messrs. Langton, the Messrs. Campbell, Mr. Blake, Mr. Edward Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson, the Misses Gordon, Mr. Mayne Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. Smith of London. The audiences on Tuesday and Wednesday were equally large and brilliant.

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Snow or no snow the Riding and Driving Club are going to have a drive to-day. The meet is at five in the Queen's Park and thence either on wheels or runners to the club's old rendezvous, the Eagle Hotel at Weston. The best supper that can be furnished in the country will be provided for the members, while a band for dancing purposes and other necessary adjuncts will be sent out from town.

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Mrs. Henry P. Duggan of Beverley street on Tuesday evening revived that form of entertainment which is known as a progressive euchre party.

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Justice and Mrs. Hamilton of Owen Sound are staying with Sir David and Lady Macpherson at Chestnut Park.

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On Monday evening a number of the officers and members of the Zingari Cricket Club were entertained at dinner at the Toronto Club by Mr. Hamilton Merritt.

Sir David and Lady Macpherson gave a large dinner party on Thursday evening.

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On Tuesday evening the first portion of the season was fittingly closed by a very brilliant event. The dance at Government House was in all respects an unqualified success. The invitation list had been rigidly kept down, so that the limit of two hundred was hardly exceeded. This number is just enough to prevent any appearance of emptiness at Government House, while the entire absence of any crush either in ball-room, halls, or drawing-rooms gives everybody opportunity of unmarred enjoyment. Miss Marjorie Campbell is not yet strong enough to undergo the fatigue of shaking hands with two hundred people, so that her place was taken by Miss Fraser and Mrs. Law, who received with Sir Alexander Campbell. Contrary to the usual custom no "extras" were played before the commencement of the programme proper so that the first waltz was over before the throng in the drawing rooms was dispersed and the active pencils had finished their laborious task. Conservatories dimly lighted and alluring spacious halls, wide staircases, cosy elevators, and many rooms on two floors offer innumerable places of vantage for quiet and secluded *tete-a-tetes*. Every cushioned recess and curtained corner were occupied on Tuesday evening. Carriages were ordered for one, but people were loth to abandon the delightful scene of the last ante-Lenten ball. The lighting is always wisely arranged at Government House, so that pretty faces and handsome gowns never fail to appear there to their best advantage. It was constantly remarked during the evening that the affair was in every sense a beauty dance.

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The gowns worn upon this occasion were many of them new, and, as a rule, both pretty and well-suited to their wearers. Miss Campbell wore a dainty dress of soft white silk with folds of delicate green and pale pink roses; Mrs. Law, a mauve moire with trimming of white and mauve lilacs; Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, turquoise blue satin with pearl embroidery, showing glints of gold and bronze; Mrs. Watson, silver gray satin trimmed with silver, mixed flowers on corsage; Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, white crepe and silk, with lace trimmings and diamond ornaments; Miss Sibyl Seymour, Nile green net with ribbon trimmings; Miss Foot, pale blue silk with drapery of old Irish lace and white chrysanthemums; Miss Vankougnet, white fish-net over silk; Mrs. Rice, pale pink net with rows of green ribbon; Miss Strange, black net with white ribbons and white feathers; Mrs. McCullough, pale pink with blue fish-net; Miss D'Arcy Boulton, white tulle; the Misses Boulton, black tulle; Mrs. Browse, black silk draped with black lace, jet bodice with flower garniture of carnations and ferns; Mrs. Cunningham, dark blue moire with Honiton lace; Mrs. Arthur Spragge, black lace and pink moire; Mrs. Melfort Boulton, pale yellow silk and red roses; Mrs. Hume Blake, white satin and moire with side panels of embroidered mousselaine de soie; Mrs. Cecil Gibson, pale yellow tulle and marguerites; Miss Walker, white dotted tulle; Mrs. Bromley Davenport, pale blue under embroidered myrtle green mousselaine de soie; Miss Grace Boulton, cream and Nile green; Miss Beatty, heliotrope with Grecian drapery; Miss Maud Beatty, corn-colored silk and lace; Miss Sullivan, pale pink silk and brocade with white swansdown; Miss DuMoulin, white with trimmings of variegated ribbons; Miss Dewar of Hamilton, an Empire gown of cream India muslin; Mrs. Sweny, cream silk with silk embroidery, diamonds, and a necklace of pearls; Mrs. James Crowther, cream and gold brocade; Mrs. Bristol, white satin with gold embroidery; Miss Castle, pale blue crape over satin with pink roses; Miss McCarthy, geranium red tulle; Miss Cockburn, white silk and white embroidered tulle with lily of the valley; Miss Thorburn, dark green satin and tulle with a garniture of ivy leaves and grasses; Miss Campbell, white ottoman silk and lace; Mrs. George Torrance, white striped silk gauze, satin bodice and feather trimmings; Miss Bunting, bronze tulle over pink; Miss Beardmore, black velvet; Miss Meredith, white soft silk with green trimmings; Miss Small, corn-colored India silk with deep purple violets.

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There were present among others: The Hon. George W. Allan, Mr. and Mrs. Albert Nordheimer, Mr. and Mrs. McCullough, Mr. and Mrs. Rene Gamble, the Misses Shanly, Mr. Shanly, Mr. Small, Mr. Sidney Small, Miss Small, Mr. and Mrs. George Torrance, Mr. and Mrs. Melfort Boulton, Miss Hodgins, Mr. Percy Hodgins, Mr. Hamilton, Mr. Tait, the Misses D'Arcy Boulton, Miss Grace Boulton, Miss Amy Boulton, the Messrs. Boulton, Miss Walker of Orillia, Mrs. Spragge, Col. and Mrs. Otter, Miss Otter, Mr. Mowat, Mr. Ross, Mr. and Mrs. Hume Blake, Mr. Geo. Burton, the Messrs. Beardmore, Miss Beardmore, Mr. Goldingham, Miss Campbell of Kenmore, Mr. Archie Campbell, Miss Langmuir, Mr. Archie Langmuir, Mrs. Meyrick Bankes, Mr. and Mrs. Bryce, the Misses Beaty, Mr. Watson, Mr. Wallace Jones, Miss Sullivan, Mr. Reginald Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. Lefroy, Mr. Gordon Jones, the Misses Morgan, Mr. Eddie Jones, Mr. John Morrow, Miss Cockburn, the Misses Smith, Mr. Frank Darling, Mr. Cawthra.

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Mr. Henry Williams of Halifax, N. S., is staying with friends in town.

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Miss Burnett of Chicago, Ill., is staying with relations in Yorkville.

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The notions which prevail in the fashionable world as to the fast of Lent and its observance are very various and some of them rather amusing. I know one lady who always gives up taking any butter with her bread or toast during Lent, and another who forswears her favorite marmalade at breakfast. These are, perhaps, instances of genuine self-denial, but the ladies who have a liking for egg sauce, and who therefore insist on having salt fish for luncheon to eat it with, can hardly be said to fast. The distinction between amusements permissible in the forty days, and those which must be given up, is a very subtle and delicate one. Dancing is abandoned as a rule, but I know people who, while they would never think of waltzing or polking, allow themselves an occasional set of the lancers or a quadrille. Most people continue to dine out and receive guests, but dinners are generally smaller. The theater, as a rule, is not taken exception to, and calling is unfortunately carried on much as at other times.

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Mrs. Melfort Boulton gave afternoon tea to a number of friends on Thursday.

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Mrs. George Torrance has returned to Toronto, after a long visit in Montreal.

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Mrs. Bromley Davenport welcomed a number of guests to afternoon tea on Friday.

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Mrs. Britton of Isabella street welcomed a large number of friends to an evening At Home last Friday week.

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Miss Dewar of Hamilton is the guest of Mrs. McMurrich of St. George street.

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Mrs. D. Gianelli of Parkdale gave a large At Home on Tuesday evening last. Mrs. Gianelli was assisted by her daughter-in-law, in her duties as hostess, and with excellent music and a well-arranged programme the evening passed away merrily.

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Miss McDermid of Jarvis street entertained a large number of guests on Monday evening.

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Mrs. E. King Dodds' friends will be sorry to learn that she has been quite ill during the past fortnight.

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A quiet wedding took place last Monday evening in St. Michael's Cathedral, when Miss Adamson, eldest daughter of the late James Adamson, was wedded to Mr. J. T. Sullivan.

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Mrs. Geo. Eyre of Brighton is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. A. Murray of 170 Jarvis street.

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Mrs. Chapman of Bleeker street give 5 o'clock tea to a number of guests this afternoon.

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Mrs. Jennings of St. Vincent street gave a pleasant At Home on Monday afternoon.

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On Tuesday evening last a very pleasant At Home was given at the residence of Dr. Norman Allen on Carlton street. Upwards of a hundred guests attended.

•

Messrs. Scott and Horsey of the Dominion Bank and Mr. and Mrs. J. Enoch Thompson left on Thursday for the West Indies and Mexico.

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Mr. C. A. Hirschfelder, American Vice-Consul, has left Toronto for an extended trip to the West Indies and South America. Mr. Hirschfelder will probably add to his archæological lore during his trip.

•

Miss Helen M. Merrill, daughter of Judge Merrill of Picton, is visiting in the city.

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Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Denison returned to the city last week after a month's visit at Archdeacon Sandys in Chatham. Mr. Denison's health is quite restored.

•

The third annual Conversazione of the Y. M. C. A. took place in Association Hall on Thursday evening. There was music by Claxton's orchestra and a concert programme bearing the following names: Mrs. Blight, Mrs. Nicholson, Mr. H. M. Blight, Mr. Gorrie, Messrs. Parkes and Levian, Miss Hueston, Mr. Kiesser, Mr. Alf. Burns and the Toronto Bicycle Glee Club under the direction of Mr. Coates.

•

The brilliant colors of the festive season have given place to the sombre church-going raiment of the dear little innocent girl who knows how sweet she looks in the gloom of the swell church with her pretty head bowed over her dainty prayer-book. Then the "chappies" all wait to escort the dear thing home in the gathering gloom, and they have a nice refreshing cup of tea made at her own table. She looks bewitchingly kind as she questions softly: "One lump or two?" Why, my boy, you are caught every time.

•

On Monday evening, February 10, the rooms of Mrs. H. Guest Collins' residence, 21 Carlton street, were filled by a select and very appreciative gathering of ladies and gentlemen to listen to a charming entertainment by some of our best professional artists. The soiree musicale was in aid of the funds of St. Bartholomew's Sunday School and the contributions received went towards a most useful object in a poor section of the city. Two of the lady soloists, Miss Hillary and Mrs. Shilton, were unavoidably absent through sickness, but the entertainment was, nevertheless, a perfect success, every one who took part giving genuine pleasure. Mrs. Adamson, Mr. Dinelli and Mrs. Blight played Beethoven's Trio in C minor for violin, 'cello and piano; Mr. Dinelli played a solo for 'cello and duet for 'cello and piano with Miss Dallas; Miss Maud Harris contributed a piano solo, Gondolied, by Liszt; Mr. Blight sang in his very best style, and Mr. Paul Jarvis gave two excellent recitations, one of which, describing a scene at the opera, was accompanied all through by his talented mother on the piano, the accompaniment being echoes of Il Trovatore. The concert was succeeded by refreshments. The young people stayed for an impromptu dance winding up a pleasant evening.

•

The Ebony Minstrels entertained a large number of their friends last Monday evening in Victoria Hall. The programme from beginning to end was all that could be desired, the young artists acquitting themselves in a most praiseworthy manner. Mr. T. N. Chattle's rendering of Little Darling, and later on Signal Bells at Sea was exceptionally good. Mr. M. DeS. Wedd proved himself to be a born comedian of no mean rank, and the other gentlemen filled their expected parts creditably. At about 10.30 the floor was cleared, and to the apparent surprise of a number of the elders, the room was soon filled with gaily attired young people who had come only for the dance. The orchestra was not all that could be desired, but nevertheless it did not prevent the floor from being almost uncomfortably crowded. Some of the young ladies' costumes were exceedingly pretty, the majority wearing high neck and long sleeved dresses which, to my mind, is quite a relief after the full dress. Miss Poppie Dixon of Beverley street wore a pretty white surah bodice over a black lace skirt, which was most becoming; Miss Denison, pale blue cashmere; Miss Barwick, black lace; Miss Campbell, black silk and lace; Miss Hoskins, a becoming gown of heliotrope; Miss Meredith, pale blue; Miss Murray, coffee brown silk and fawn ribbons; Miss Kingsmill, a most becoming dress of grey silk and pale pink ribbons; Miss Strathy, brown and cream surah. The dance was kept up until 1.30. It is most surprising the manner in which the Toronto girls dance. They have long been noted for their gracefulness, but what I refer to is their agility; they never grow weary, and as the hours advance trip over the floor even more lightly. I noticed one girl who danced every dance except one. I glanced at her in the hall when I was coming out and, would you believe me, she looked as fresh and cool as a daisy (a dark daisy by the way) and remarked that the programme was not half long enough.

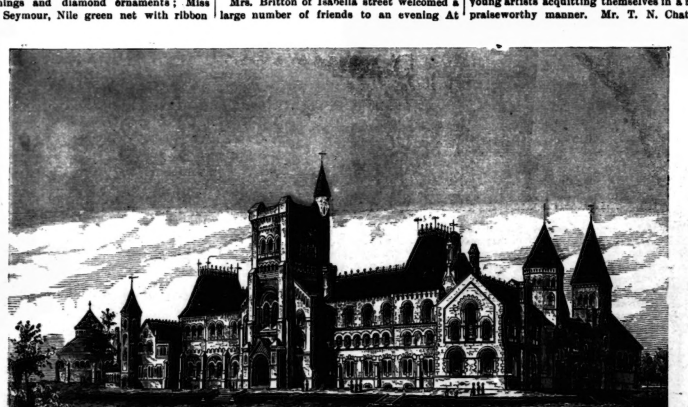
•

Dr. and Mrs. Palmer sailed for home by the steamship Teutonic on February 19.

•

Mrs. Linton of John street gave a very pleasant dance to her friends on the evening of St. Valentine's Day. Among the guests were the following: Mr. and Mrs. D. K. Cameron, Miss Lewis and Miss Wynn of Goderich, Miss Harrison of Parkhill, Miss Lawless, the Misses Thompson, the Misses Pringle, Miss Hime, Miss Ethel Read, Miss Kilner, Mr. J. W. Amberry, Mr. C. A. Bogart, Dr. F. A. Cowan, Mr. J. Carlow, Mr. P. Macarow, Mr. P. R. Hepburn, Mr. C. A. Thompson, Mr. A. Piddington, Mr. W. H. Shadwell, Mr. C. G. Pepler, Mr. A. A. Helliwell, Mr. Bates, Mr. Merritt, Mr. H.

(Continued on Page Eleven.)



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Boudoir Gossip.

Once upon a time there was a miserly man who refused his wife five cents to buy a paper of pins. That little fact is perhaps not uncommon, but this man not only said he "hadn't five cents," and "where is that quarter I gave you last week?" but also that until she had accounted for every pin in the last paper she bought two years ago, she shouldn't get any more. It may not be generally known, but that man had a brother, and I saw him in a King-street shop on Tuesday. His little wife was wrinkling up her pale brow to try and remember the size of Johnnie's head. She twisted the cap around meditatively and said, in a questioning whisper: "I ought to get some towels, Jacob."

"Oh, I guess you don't need 'em. You got some last spring."

"Them was dish towels," she answered, sighing. Then exerting herself for a final effort, she said: "There's one thing I've got to have, and that's a yard and a quarter of black round elastic."

He looked at the little pile of cheap goods on the counter—flannel, factory cotton and dress goods, and in a sharp, loud voice, he snapped out: "I'm not agoin' to buy another thing!"

The little woman turned away, and as the clerk came towards them again, she bent over a pile of tweeds and mechanically passed a questioning finger over the surface of the topmost piece. I trotted out, with a feeling of pity for the pin-moneyless woman, and a tidal wave of indignation raged in my soul against the big man. I felt as if I could poke him on a rainy day with my biggest umbrella, and not apologize either.

•

Speaking of the existing rage for Titian red hair a prominent hairdresser in New York said that the unhappiest women to-day were those whose locks had been bleached by peroxide of hydrogen. The new growth is darker, and the roots must be attended to frequently. Then the ends become too light, dry and brittle. The straw-colored blonde was always a wishy-washy staring object in the streets; and now that the reddish tinge has "come in," she must have her head shaved and wear a wig.

An old German woman was giving directions to an intending customer not long since, and this is what she said: "You needn't have it all put on to-day, but just brighten a leedle. Then you go to your home, and say mine gootness, mine hair is all growing red. Then come again. I put on some more. You go back and scold again, because your hair is getting so red and horrid. Then once more you come and it is the beautiful red shade that Titian paints." It is said that the Venetian ladies were accustomed to sit upon their balconies and dampen their dark locks, allowing them to dry in the scorching sun. This bleached them somewhat, but it was a long and dull process, the end of which the dashing belles of the past few years have gained by using peroxide of hydrogen. The bleaching quality is said to have been discovered by a wig-maker who, while in a hospital in London, noticed that the drops of a certain medicine, falling on his beard changed its color from chesnut to golden. Speaking of hair it is interesting to note that fair hair has been always most generally esteemed. Chestnut and auburn seemed to find especial favor with the old masters; although Titian adorned his ideals with that red-gold which rules feminine hearts to-day. Black hair is always chosen for pirates, the heavy villain, etc., and it occurs to me that a fair-haired Mephistopheles would be a mental novelty. Red hair was looked upon with aversion among the Romans, even before Judas Iscariot's time; and it is, however unjustly, associated with an unruly temper. Statistics favor the white-horse girl though, for in an asylum for the insane it was recently found that of one hundred and sixty-five patients only one had red hair.

•

Frenchwomen are introducing, by way of novelty, the slightest hints of drapery upon the long fashionable, straight skirt. What a pity that the simplicity of a gown cannot please more than the multitudinous frills and the bunches which are ungainly, inartistic and uncomfortable.

In hats, black chip and fancy straws with often two varieties of braiding will obtain during the spring. Later on wide hats of Brussels net, trimmed with flowers and ribbon or flowers and feathers, will appear amongst us. One peculiarity of the coming millinery is that it advances a plea for the mingling of different varieties of flowers. Forget-me-nots are used in combination with primroses or dark red rosebuds, while violets, ferns, and lilies are grouped together, as are also daisies and poppies. Ribbon bows will mingle their loops with garlands of floral beauties, and bunches of dainty flowers and flots of bright ribbons will peep from under waving feathers or nestle snugly beneath nodding tips.

Gauze ribbons and faille mousselaine will be the favorites for hat trimming, while inch-wide black velvet is a feature of the new garniture for small toques.

A picturesque collar and cuffs of fine crepe lisse, with lace edging, were worn at a recent matinee by a pretty society girl. Her dress was of sage green henrietta, and her hat a broad brimmed black velvet, trimmed with plumes. A glimpse of the hat was all I caught for the independent and kind-hearted little woman perched it, in all its graceful, nodding beauty, upon her lap.

•

For trimming dresses, the lately introduced creations of tinsel and jet seem to almost exclude flowers, save for some tulle gowns. The most generally worn fanciful designs are those of swallows or butterflies, although a daring damsel from old Spain wore a black lace gown decorated with coiled, extended and apparently writhing snakes of jet.

•

A lady who is the happy possessor of several Japanese curios determined, not long since, to invent some manner of displaying them which should be novel in arrangement, oriental in effect and, best of all, original. A table of convenient height was draped with black liberty silk, festooned in odd-looking little scallops and fastened with bunches of yellow chrysanthemums. Snugly nestling among the sombre folds were the quaint conceits of the Japanese artist in pottery, while from a shining lacquer-cabinet above, other smaller specimens looked down from their gold and black niches. The scheme of color, so fantastically carried out, was a marvellous success, everyone admiring the little black draped table, with its bunches of Japan's own national flower.

•

The rage for powdered hair promises to be a trying one for the pretty girls. Powdered hair brings with it carefully-pencilled eyebrows, daintily-colored cheeks and ruddy lips. The beauties hide their beauty, the ugly ones their ugliness; and there promises to be a rebellion among the prettier girls who are in revolt at the threatened invasion of beauty's domain by the ugly ducklings of society.

•

The chatelaine girl revels in one very useful addition to her bunch of charms. It is a small silver whistle, which is calculated to pierce the ears of the most provokingly deaf and blind car conductor on record. I bless the innovation. It will save an immense amount of energy heretofore wasted in flourishing umbrellas and waving muffs, besides the inevitable preparing to pucker, which in nine cases out of ten precedes the sickly little whistle, which makes the dear girl ashamed of herself, but which is the very best she can do.

CLIP CAREW.

Church Talks.

Last Sunday week I entered Carlton street church, expecting to hear the morning sermon delivered by the pastor. In this I was disappointed. Rev. Dr. Hunter conducted a part of the service, but in place of a sermon the congregation listened to a rather lengthy talk by Mr. Hess, the converted bar-tender, who has since conducted meetings in connection with temperance work. I admire a man who is fearless. I respect a man who is thoroughly good. The question which puzzles me, however, is why should every good man aspire to the pulpit. Joe Hess, as he is familiarly called, is not an educated man. He quite unnecessarily informed his audience of that fact a few moments after he began to speak.

He is, I believe, a good man and if he used to be as wicked as he described himself to have been, he and his family have certainly great cause for thankfulness. I admit all that, and yet I cannot see why he should talk in a pulpit on Sunday morning.

I remember the words of scripture he referred to as a text, but he only repeated them, and then spoke of himself. His English is marred by a mispronunciation which amounts to almost a Jewish accent. His delivery is labored and his vocabulary still holds words which are the tattered remnants of his life among low companions. They are not pleasant to listen to and cannot be edifying to anyone.

Mr. Hess shows sympathy in his desire to help people who have fallen through drink to the lowest depths of degraded manhood. He shows courage in coming among those who knew him when he was a gambler and a prize-fighter. He shows faith in God when he tells those who are where he was, that they may come, if they will, to where he is. Curious crowds will ever haunt the building where anything unusual is going on; and Mr. Hess has helped many who had despaired in trying to help themselves.

A Sunday morning service should be helpful, restful, reverential and inspiring. To be this in Carlton street church, an earnest, a sincere and an educated man should fill the pulpit.

The words uttered are not doing good, when they are idly bandied about as unusual expressions, verging on vulgarity. They rouse a sense of the ludicrous or they offend by their unfitness.

I believe Mr. Hess is doing good among people whom he, by reason of his intimate acquaintance with their habits and temptations, can so well reach. If he can elevate or reform any individual, or class of individuals, surely one should not retard him. In preaching, however, he must satisfy himself very poorly, while his congregation can not be instructed or benefited.

ETELKA.

Trinity Talk.

Mr. J. G. Abbott, '91, is spending a few days with his relations in London. Mr. R. C. Pringle, '91, is also absent from college on a short visit at his home in Cobourg.

•

The peace and quiet which usually reign supreme at Trinity were sadly broken up on Saturday last, when three prominent students were severely punished for taking part in the initiation of the freshmen. On three the sentence of rustication was passed, and the fourth unfortunate was fined twenty dollars. As soon as this news was generally known, a petition was sent in to the faculty to the effect that if they, the faculty, would remit all sentences, the undersigned students pledged themselves to take no part in future initiations. The dons however refused to consider any petition with a proviso, but agreed to reconsider their decision provided the men would sign a declaration that they would obey the rules of the college. The undergraduates knowing full well with whom they had to deal and feeling morally certain that all sentences would be greatly mitigated, immediately affixed their names, whereupon the Provost reduced the rustication to a fine of ten dollars, the twenty dollar fine to five, and a fine of five dollars which had been imposed on all students to three. The men were perfectly satisfied and as no victory had been gained by either party, harmony once more exists between the faculty and the students.

CICUS.

An Orator's Presence of Mind.

"Who is there," cried the orator, "who will lift a voice against the truth of my statement?"

Just then a donkey in the outskirts of the crowd gave vent to one of the piercing heehaws of his tribe. The laugh was on the orator for a moment, but, assuming an air of triumph, he lifted his voice above the din to say:

"I knew nobody but a jackass would try it!"

It Grows in Snow.

A new flower, called the "snow flower," has been discovered in the north of Siberia, where the ground is perpetually covered with snow. This wonderful flower lifts its head from the frozen ground at the commencement of January each year. It opens in a day and at the end of the third it fades and dies. The flower has five petals, each petal three inches in diameter, and they are covered with what appears like crystallized snow, having the form of a star. At the end of the third day, at the extremity of the anthers, small sparkling points like diamonds become visible, about the size of a pin's head; these are the seeds of this marvellous plant. The noted traveler, Antoschoff, gathered some of these seeds and brought them with him to St. Petersburg, sowed them in a flower-pot full of snow, where they remained until the 1st of January of the following year, when the flower, like a miracle, burst forth all at once from the frozen snow in all its beauty and was thus shown to the Russian court.

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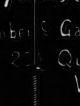

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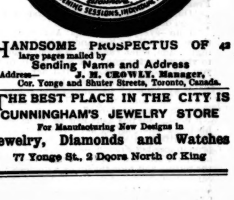

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"Why, Frank, what brings you in this direction?"

The young man thus addressed stopped and turned to his questioner, an unmistakable expression of chagrin on his handsome brown face.

"Well, Robin, might I not put the same question to you?" he answered, smiling.

"Oh, it is different with me!" said Robina Clitheroe. "I have no objection to the new railway; but you—listen—you can hear the workmen quite plainly!"

The young girl raised her hand as she spoke, and inclined her elfish face towards the side of the path. Through the thick foliage of the trees, just beginning to turn yellow beneath a September sun, came sounds that to the young Squire's ear were a profanation of Clitheroe Chase—the "puff, puff," of an engine dragging a long line of heavily laden trucks, the clang of hammers as the rails were fastened in their places, and all those discordant noises that tell of some great work being vigorous carried on, and that seemed out of place in the deep silence and repose of leafy Kentish woods.

The young man's brow contracted and his cheek flushed as he listened. His father, old Squire Clitheroe, had fought against this new railway for years, giving up the contest only with his life; and Frank—tall, handsome, indolent Frank Clitheroe—inherited all his father's prejudices. He quite overlooked the fact that he had received ample compensation for the corner of the park through which this objectionable railway was being carried. It was a shame and a disgrace, he declared, so to cut up a gentleman's place against his wishes, and he would never go near the vaunted new line.

His sister Robina looked at the matter much more rationally.

"We are badly off," she said, "for people in our position; and, besides the actual money's worth, the railway will increase the value of the land."

So, with her keen tongue and ready wit, she had protested against her brother's objections, and professed herself "much obliged to the company."

"Yes, I hear it," said Frank, with a grimace; "it's a pleasant sound—is it not, Robin?"

"I thought you said that you would never come to this side of the Chase!" queried the girl, her bright black eyes raised to his.

"Well, you see," began Frank, and then suddenly stopped.

"Now don't! Fibbing is a part of your education which has not been properly attended to; or perhaps you didn't take kindly to it. I'll tell you why you are at this side of the park, if you wish."

"Tell me, then."

Robina crossed her two little hands on the handle of her parasol and looked steadily into her brother's face. She was a little creature, with sloping shoulders and a very small waist; but it was the accepted opinion of the neighborhood that she had far more cleverness and determination than her brother had, although he was six feet high, and a fine specimen of handsome English manhood.

"You are going," she said, "to see Julia Power, the overseer's pretty daughter, and talk nonsense to her, tell her how charming she is, lend her books, and so forth. Am I not right?"

"Did you read all that in my face?" asked Frank, laughing, but flushing a deep crimson.

"Well, not quite. I have been visiting the fair Julia on my own account."

"Indeed, Robin!"

"I want her for my choir. You may have remarked what a sweet soprano comes over the pew in which she and her father sit on Sundays, so I went to One-Tree Cottage to-day and found her sitting amongst her roses reading a novel, for which sort of literature, she informed me, she had a *pen chant!*"

"A what?"

"A *pen-chant*, Frank—said it quite confidently too."

"A—oh, I see—a *penchant*! Why, what could I have induced the girl to make such a fool of herself?" The young man frowned as he spoke, and looked much more disturbed that the situation warranted.

"Because she can hardly speak the Queen's English, and of course breaks down completely in attempting any other tongue. Not that you mind that, Frank; the young person has eyes as big and brown as my fawn Duchinka's, and a forehead and mouth moulded like those of the Cliffs in the Townley Marbles; and, that being so, bad grammar may come from her lips for anything you care.

Frank laughed in his careless good-humored way, and tilted his sister's broad-leafed hat back off her forehead.

"What a careful Robin you are!" he said affectionately. "What mischief do you think I shall get into by lending Miss Power a few books?"

"I do not think you will get into any," replied Miss Clitheroe, with decision; "I was thinking of the girl. When I went there to-day, she seemed so ill at ease, so anxious to please me, and yet so afraid of me, that I do believe the silly child is half in love with you, Frank."

"Oh, come," returned Frank, greatly pleased—"you don't mean that, Robin!"

"I do—very well I do. I should you will go there, and talk to her, and look at her admiringly; and, when the child is about ready to go to the stake for you, you will begin to think you have gone far enough—tell her so perhaps—and leave her to break her heart."

"Why, Robin," exclaimed the young man, "what has come to you? I never saw you so much in earnest before!"

"Well, I am not ashamed of being so," said his little sister, laying her hand upon his arm; "for, although she is not a lady, and mispronounces her French horribly, she is as sweet and pure and true as if she had been born in the purple and brought up by a duchess; and I cannot bear the thought of her pining and fretting to death for the impossible—for, of course, you could not marry her, Frank."

The young fellow looked guilty—as though this subject of marrying Julia Power were not far from his thoughts as his sister supposed; but he only replied good humoredly—

"Why, what a captivating fellow you must think me, Robin!"

Half laughing, half angry, she shook his arm and said—

"Much good I have done by my lecture! I do believe you have only listened to the words, 'the silly child is half in love with you.' Well, you may go now. I see Adam Bede in your pocket, and I know what you are about."

Robina dropped her brother's arm and turned away quickly; but he saw tears glistening in her bright eyes.

Frank stood and wa'ched her agile graceful figure, clad in white and scarlet, disappear in the green recesses of the Chase, and then resumed his walk.

Every step brought him nearer to the clanging of iron, the noise of the engine, and the hum of many voices, until at length he passed on the edge of a steep cutting and looked down with an expression of strong disfavor at the workmen below.

The ground rose here, and the cutting was about twenty feet deep. Frank strolled along the edge for some time, contrasting in his mind the noise and turmoil beneath with the calm peace of the country about him.

A little farther on he came within sight of a cottage which was almost covered with ivy, save the porch, on which bloomed masses of monthly roses. There was no gate or fencing about this tiny abode; it seemed to be set down haphazard in this clear space in the center of the wood. Just outside the porch, as sweet and fair as any of the roses about her, sat Julia Power, the overseer's daughter. She did not hear the young man's footstep on the soft, elastic turf; her eyes were fixed upon an open book, and her head rested against the wooden back of the garden seat. She seemed also gather absorbed in what she was reading; and it was not until Frank Clitheroe's shadow fell across the page that she started up with a faint cry.

"Why, Ju," he said, smiling, "you are frightened!"

She let the volume fall to the ground, and, putting her hands behind her back, stood looking at him—a slender blue-gowned girlish figure, with a face to win any man's heart, as modest and good as it was beautiful.

She was alarmed, he could see plainly; her breath was coming and going in quick gasps, her lips were parted, and her large brown eyes looked as shy and startled as the eye of a captured fawn.

"You—you came so suddenly," she replied.

"Did I? Well, now that I am here, won't you shake hands with me?"

"I—I can't; I ought not to talk to you at all—I promised not to do so."

"Has my sister been interfering?" The young man's voice shook with anger, and he frowned as he put the question.

"Oh, no!" cried the girl earnestly. "She only came to ask me to sing in the choir on Sunday, and talked to me a little about the book I was reading; she did not say anything about you."

"To whom, then, have you made a promise not to shake hands with me?"

Julia's brown head drooped for a moment, and she did not answer; then she said slowly—

"My father and my cousin Dennis."

"Your cousin Dennis! Oh, that sulky-looking young man! I have seen with your father! And so your cousin Dennis objects to our friendship!"

"He saw me," she replied, tears glistening in her eyes, "walking with you in the Chase, and he was very angry. He said that I am not your equal, because I am only a poor girl; and a motherless girl—. She stopped, unable to restrain her tears, and covered her eyes with her hands.

"So! What a storm in a teacup!" said Frank lightly, although there was a look of vexation in his gray eyes. "I dare say cousin Dennis himself wants to walk with you in the Chase.

She shook her head and continued—

"Father also spoke to me. He said I ought to know better than to talk to a gentleman—one not in my own position; so I promised."

"Well, you shall keep your promise," he replied, laughing. "This is not shaking hands; and he caught her in his arms, and, before she could prevent him, kissed her on the cheeks.

Although the salute was given more in jest than earnest, and he held the slender little creature against his heart only for a moment, yet he knew that this was an important episode in an idle summer, but that he loved this lowly-born girl with all the strength of his affectionate nature, and that she was the one woman in the world for him.

Flushed and panting, Julia broke from his embrace, and, leaning her bowed head against the porch door, wept bitter tears.

"My darling," exclaimed Frank, almost beside himself, "forgive me! I ought not to have kissed you; I had no right to do so, unless"—trying to turn her face towards him—"you gave me permission, Julia."

"Oh," cried the girl, shrinking away from him, and sobbing as she spoke, "my father was right! If I had been a lady, you would not have treated me so; but I am only a poor girl."

"Julia," begins the young man, stretching her slender hands in his, "I am thoroughly ashamed of myself—I am indeed! My darling, if you will forgive me, I will never offend you so again—not until you tell me that you love me and will be my wife! Will you, Ju? Say "Yes," and make me the happiest fellow in the world!"

The young squire had his arm about her waist before he was half-way through this slightly incoherent speech. Frank was a bold wooer, and he knew that he was not wooing in vain.

"No, no," she murmured, while her brown head drooped against his shoulder and her little hand trembled in his; "I know now that you love me—would even make me your wife; but it cannot be. No, no, I would your friends, your equals—say if you set me among them as the mistress of Clitheroe Chase?"

"Do you love me, Julia?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered, looking at him with shining truthful eyes, "I love you, and shall love you all my life—I am not ashamed to confess it."

"And do you think I am going to give you up when once you have assured me of that? Why, what a dastard I should be! I dare say our marriage will be a nine days' wonder, but I can face that, I think. Ah child, is love so common a thing that it can be slighted and cast aside for a paltry class distinction? No! Believe me, is is only when honor is opposed to love that men are fain to fling from us, even if our very lives go with it."

His truthful words and manly tone touched her as the most passionate pleadings would not have done. She looked up at him and said—

"Then I am ready to become your wife if you wish it; but, if anything occurs to make it necessary and duties to be on my part, do not consider yourself bound to me."

"Nothing shall induce me to give you up, my promised wife!" said Frank solemnly, kissing her as he spoke, and now she did not object to his caresses.

The lovers strolled up and down the green turf in front of the cottage, and the setting sun shone down upon the roses, drawing out all their subtle sweetness. The diamond shaped panes reflected the glittering rays like jewels set in a flowery wreath, and the sombre green of the tree seemed filled with birds that cooed and called to each other; and Clitheroe were so happy and all nature was so glowing and radiant about them that it seemed as though the passion and strife and sorrow of the workaday world were left behind forever and could touch their hearts no more.

Frank was waiting to speak to the father of his betrothed, and to tell his mother and sister how far he had gone, and what he had told his father of his future were, and received her unqualified approval of them.

They would not be married for a year, he said, and during that time she was to accomplish wonders. As soon as he had spoken to her father, he would go back to Clitheroe and tell his mother and sister that he had a little angry at first perhaps, but the world soon see with his eyes, and would take Julia away with her to the Parisian school where she herself had been "finished."

"A year, or six months, say, will soon pass, pet; and then you will come back to me able to hold your own with any one; and we shall have a grand wedding at the Chase, to let the world see how proud I am of my beautiful wife."

So the lovers talked, and planned their future lives; and Julia's one little servant brought them tea in the porch, and they sat down beneath the roses and were foolishly and blissfully happy.

Frank Clitheroe found it a much harder task than he had expected to tell his sister the news that he had asked Julia Power to be his wife. He knew that Robina's passionate and exacting affection would be bitterly mortified at her having to give up the first place in his heart to any one, that the only thing which would reconcile her to this would be his marrying some rich and noble girl whose dowry would clear the estate of the burdens left upon it by the late squire, and who in birth and station should be equal to a Clitheroe of Clitheroe Chase. So, shrinking from inflicting pain upon the sister who loved him, and also feeling unwilling to expose his passionate romance to her keen mocking wit, he idly watched the small clever face and brilliant eyes during dinner, and made up his mind to open the subject to her on the terrace the next morning.

He found her accordingly flitting up and down before the bank of scarlet geraniums, a little basket on her arm and a pair of gardener's shears in her hand. He thought she looked like some rare tropical bird, so rich and bright was her dress, so restless and quick were her movements. The girl was intensely fond of color, and always contrived to have a crimson, amber, or scarlet ribbon about her.

Certain though he was that she would dislike the idea of his marrying a girl with no fortune and no position, still he was not prepared for the agony of rage and dismay with which Robina received his communication.

"You are mad," she cried, vehemently, standing before him, her eyes flashing, her face ghastly pale—"you are simply mad, Frank, to think of such a thing! Do you know how poor we are? Do you know how I have to pinch and save in the house that we may hold our own among the other families in the county? Why, if you married a lady—one in your own sphere—without a fortune, it would be almost ruin; but this—

"Well, Robin, can't you get rid of some of the crowd of servants?" suggested Frank. They are not all wanted, now that we are living so quietly, I am sure."

"No, I won't! I won't have people saying that we are pinching to pay some old debts, and that he burdened the estate! I have some respect for his memory, although you seem to have none, when you can think of making that common girl mistress of Clitheroe!"

"Robin," said Frank, his face flushing, "I will not listen to such words, even from you! You know how hard I have worked and am working so that no hint of my father's debts may get abroad—you know how steadily I am paying them off year by year."

"I do," interrupted Robina earnestly. "I know that you are all that is good and honorable. You stay here with no companions and no amusements when you might have gone to Scotland with Lord Massey's shooting party or to Norway in General Hunt's yacht; you farm the land and deny yourself in everything for our father's debts. Oh, I have honored and admired you beyond word—until now!"

She stopped and turned away her head. A voice was whispering within her that surely he was behaving well and honorably now also. Here was her brother sacrificing his affection for a girl of lowly birth, and announcing his intention of marrying her, because he loved her, in the face of the whole world.

As these thoughts flashed upon herselves upon her, Robina thrilled with admiration. Frank saw the relenting look in her face, and, taking her hand in his, said earnestly—

"Robin, dear, of course this is a disappointment to you. I know you would think a princess hardly good enough for your unworthy brother; but, you see, I love Julia with all my heart, and the child has plighted her troth to me; and should I, solely on the ground of difference in rank, give up that treasure, the best of my blessings, a pure and true love, and so spoil both our lives?

Robina was still silent, but her face was hardening and her lip beginning to curl. Frank went on, noticing these sign.

"I want you to come with me, Robin, and see her mother. I want you to arrange about taking her to Madame Veve's for a year. She is quite willing—indeed anxious—to go, and her father approves of it. You know she will be criticised when she is my wife."

This was an unfortunate speech. It raised all Robina's pride of rank and birth, and even brought to her mind poor Julia's mispronunciation of a French word.

"Never, Frank—never!" she exclaimed, violently disengaging her hand. "What—Julia Clitheroe—take this common, low creature to Madame Veve's to be turned into a lady—tell if you will teacher that my brother is going to make a *mesalliance*, and that I am helping him! Oh, never, never!"

"Very well, Robin," said Frank, deeply mortified at the result of his appeal. "I looked to you naturally for assistance; if you refuse it, I shall only have to seek it elsewhere. You cannot shake my resolution."

"No," she replied, speaking slowly and with intense bitterness; "I suppose not. I am your only sister; I have no right to any other women give their husbands or their children I have given to you; for five years I have been mistress of your home; and now you will depose me, not for some lady who would be a fitting friend and welcome sister to me, but for a girl hardly on a level with my maid! Oh"—with sudden vehemence—"it is an insult to me and to the memory of our parents, and I will oppose you with all my strength!"

She rushed past him as she finished speaking and walked rapidly towards the house; but before she had gone far he saw her take out her handkerchief and hold it against her face.

He felt bitterly every one of the words she had said to him; for he knew that she loved him dearly, and that she suffered as much in saying them as he did in hearing them. But his allegiance to the young girl whose heart he had won was not shaken for a moment. He immediately began considering what steps he should take next in order to get her properly chaperoned by his relatives.

(To be continued.)

Unspoken Orations.

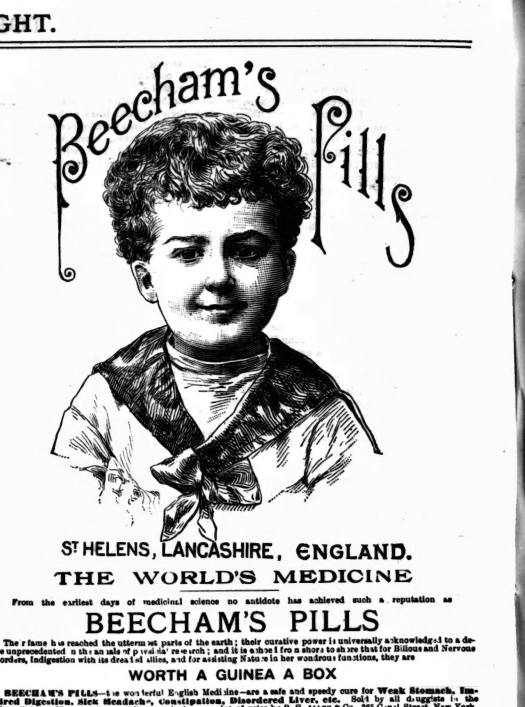
Thackeray was an orator of a great speech which never came off. On one occasion Thackeray traveled with Mr. Fields, the Boston publisher, from Liverpool to Manchester. All the way, he spoke of the great speech he was going to make at the founding of the Free Library Institution in Manchester. According to Thackeray, his speech was to be the speech of the evening. Dickens, Bulwer and Sir James Stephen were to speak before him, but his eloquence was to eclipse theirs completely.

The evening came. The hall was filled with a brilliant audience. Dr. John Brown introduced the great novelist, who on rising gave Mr. Fields a sly wink under his spectacles, as he whispered to him—"Now the others have done very well, but I will show 'em a grace beyond the reach of their art." He began in a clear and charming manner. He continued so for two minutes. Suddenly he hesitated, stopped in the middle of a sentence, gave a comic look of despair at the ceiling, sent his hands down into his pockets for a moment, and plumped down on his seat. He sat there perfectly unconcerned till the close of the meeting, when he said to Fields, he said, "My boy, you have my profoundest sympathy. This day you have accidentally missed hearing one of the finest speeches ever composed for delivery by a great British orator."

Ralph Waldo Emerson was also an orator of a great speech which never came off. There was a great occasion at which Mr. Emerson was to give the chief address. The audience included many distinguished men—Longfellow, O. W. Holmes, Charles Sumner and others. Emerson rose to his feet and surveyed the audience. After finishing his exordium, he got slightly involved, stopped dead stuck, shuffled the MSS. and, at last, after five minutes' painful silence, coolly and quietly remarked: "My daughter has made rather a mess of this, and I then descended from his perch. Mr. Edward Jenkins, of Ginx's Baby fame, who relates this incident, inquired of Charles Sumner if this was a usual proceeding of Emerson's. "Oh, that's nothing," said Sumner; "he often treats his audience to that kind of thing."

Robert Hall, who afterwards became famous as a pulpit orator, was a "stickit speaker" at the beginning of his career. On one occasion he was appointed to deliver an address in the vestry of Broadmead Chapel. He proceeded well for a few minutes, then became confused, and covering his face with his hands, exclaimed, "Oh! I have lost all my ideas," as he sank into his seat. He was again appointed, but again did he break down. These two failures made him resolve to give diligent heed to the art of public speaking, with the result that he excited universal admiration by the splendor of his pulpit eloquence.

A pleasant anecdote is related of Luther and Melanchthon. Melanchthon was naturally a very timid man. On one occasion he rose to preach, taking as his text "I am the good Shepherd." His ideas, like those of Robert Hall, left him. He gazed helplessly round on the audience, and kept on repeating the text over and over again. Luther, who sat at the desk with him, at length impatiently exclaimed, "You are a very good sheep. Sit down." He then preached an excellent sermon from the text himself.



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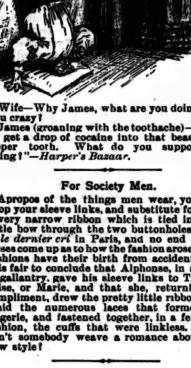

Wife—Why James, what are you doing? Are you crazy?

James (groaning with the toothache)—Trying to get a drop of cocaine into that beast of an upper tooth. What do you suppose I'm doing?"—*Harper's Bazaar.*

For Society Men.

Apropos of the things men wear, you must drop your sleeve links, and substitute for them a very narrow ribbon which is tied in a stiff little bow through the two buttonholes. This is a fashion which has no end of charm. Women come up as to how the fashion arose. Most fashions have their birth from accidents, and it is fair to conclude that Alphonse, in a spirit of gallantry, gave his sleeve links to Therese, Elise, or Marie, and that she, returning the compliment, drew the pretty little ribbon from amid the numerous laces that formed her lingerie, and fastened together, in a feminine fashion, the cuffs that were linkless. Why don't somebody weave a romance about this new style?

She Could Not See It.

Senator Pettigrew of South Dakota is a perfect type of the bustling far-Westerner says the Chicago *Tribune*. In some respects life at the national capital is original to him. He says he enjoys the receptions, afternoon teas, etc. Just as Ward McAllister would like to revel about over a timber claim.

"I'll relate one incident" said the Senator, "that will give you some idea of the bright society people you often meet in Washington. I was a little gathering a few days ago, when, for want of better amusement, the hostess proposed that each guest propound a conundrum. When it came my turn I asked, 'What's the difference between a man going out in the cold and a tired dog?' Of course, it was not exactly elegant, but it served the purpose. Nobody guessed it, so I answered: 'One puts on an overcoat, the other pants.'

"The people seemed pleased, and one young lady laughed quite loud. But a reception a few nights afterward, when the young lady who had laughed so heartily at the conundrum espied me in the room she exclaimed to a group of friends: 'Oh, I've an awfully funny conundrum, and it's Senator Pettigrew's, too!' Then she told about the man going out into the cold and the tired dog.

"'Give it up,' they answered.

"'One puts on an overcoat and the other trousers. Isn't that cute? she explained.

"The narrator was the only one who smiled. Naturally I felt like a four flush. The young lady noticed that something was wrong, and said: 'Now, that's queer. The joke doesn't seem half so funny as it did when the Senator told it. I whispered that she should have said: 'One puts on an overcoat and the other pants. Tired dog pants, see?'

"One more side attracted attention, exclaiming: 'I made an awful mistake in giving the answer. Here it is: One puts on an overcoat and the other pantaloons.'

"That was enough to make one weep, but all laughed for the sake of kindness. I never saw such a flat affair even at a Sioux Falls social, much less Washington itself. Is all right, but when it comes to dress parade two or three times a week, why, after this I'm not in it."

Scholars in America.

It is useless to disguise the fact that the common American opinion condemns the student whose purpose in life is the study of perfection. As a people we have little faith that culture whose highest and ultimate results are ideal and spiritual; and a good deal of the upspringing fun of the Philistine which we see about us is an ephemeral, if not a vulgar, fashion rather than an intelligent and constant passion. Our standard is too often a coarse utility, and we recognize no nobility of soul the true student with his passion for truth and devotion to the ideal. We attach no authority to his words, and we do little for the class in our midst. I am not forgetful of our large appropriations for the support of the Public Schools, nor would I ignore the ability of our colleges in endowing institutions for higher education. And all this is very good and very necessary; but it is still true that all over our land we are grinding to dust in the treadmill of recitation-hearing our men of superior cultivation, because we do not have sufficient faith in the student and his ideal creations as civilizing agencies to provide that leisure and opportunity by which alone the ripest products of culture can be obtained. And this is poor economy. It is a waste which we cannot afford, thus to destroy the possibilities of the finest efflorescence of our civilization—an efflorescence which will awaken and strengthen the very humblest of our citizens, by saving their lives from monotony and drudgery.

The student is sufficiently condemned, it is imagined, when it is solemnly declared that such a man can never be elected to an office; that he can not get rich; that he can never bring down the price of calico or increase the yield of wheat. There is no good in education, we are told, if the knowledge acquired cannot be put to some practical, by which is meant a mechanical, use; if it does not increase the manufactures or farm products of the country. Let a man learn to write well, but only that he may sell his pen to some politician to write laudatory editorials for him. Let a man learn chemistry, but only that he may sell his knowledge to the farmer to help him double his hay crop. Let a man study biology, but only that he may get a place on some fish or veterinary commission. What is the good of knowledge, if you do not use it to make money? Is not it is fair to conclude that Alphonse, in a spirit of gallantry, gave his sleeve links to Therese, Elise, or Marie, and that she, returning the compliment, drew the pretty little ribbon from amid the numerous laces that formed her lingerie, and fastened together, in a feminine fashion, the cuffs that were linkless. Why don't somebody weave a romance about this new style?—*Joseph H. Crooker, in Problems in American Society.*

Slang of Artists.

A party of artists were traveling in a stage, in which, besides themselves, a sedate, venerable lady was the only passenger. The conversation among the artists ran on as follows: "How 'playtul' those clouds are!—that group of trees is very 'rich'; that bit is 'tender'; perhaps a little too solid and rocky for the others. I have seen nothing of 's lately. I think he is clever. He makes all his flesh too chalky. You must allow, however, that he is very successful with his ladies."

The old lady began to exhibit symptoms of uneasiness and at length one of the artists cast an anxious and inquiring look at the speaker. Her companions, however, unconscious of the storm that was brewing (they entertained doubts as to their sanity), went on in the same style. She heard them, to her increasing dismay, talk of a farm house containing a "rich" cabbage patch, and of a gentleman's grounds wanting repose. At length they approached an old village church. A great many observations were made about the keeping of the scene, which the old lady bore with tolerable magnanimity; but at last one of the party exclaimed, in a kind of enthusiasm: "I see how well the woman in the red cloak carries off the tower." This was too much. The lady screamed to the coachman to stop, and, without a word of explanation, left her half way on her journey, and expressed her thankfulness for having escaped alive from such a set of madmen.

He Saw the Point Afterwards.

Mr. Hustler—Yes, Miss Sweet, I give all my time to my business, and even then I'm very much pressed.

Miss Sweet—How nice that is!—*Time.*

Pretty Polly Piper.

"Come, Polly," said Mrs. Piper, sharply, "what are you dreaming about? Eleven o'clock, and the best parlor not dusted yet, and old Gloriana calling you to help hang out the clothes, and the tomatoes waiting to be made into catsup, and the peach shortcake to be baked, and you here dawdling away your time like a fine lady!"

Polly Piper jumped quickly up, hiding her dog-eared paper-covered novel as she did so under the sofa cushion.

"I wish I were a fine lady," said she. "I'd be practising sonatas on the piano, or sketching Yellow mountain, or hemming ruffles, instead of working like a slave!"

Mrs. Piper looked keenly at her daughter.

"Polly," said she, "you know very well that you mouldn't work unless you're a mind to."

Polly tossed her sunny head with a movement of disdain.

"I don't know how you make that out."

"You can marry this rich relation of ours, if you please," insinuated her mother. "He wants a wife to keep that grand new house of his, on Haven Hill."

Polly laughed.

"How do I know he'll like me?" she questioned.

"Nonsense, Polly. There's no need to tell you that. You're as pretty as a pink," said Mrs. Piper, viewing her daughter with maternal pride.

"And how do I know I shall like him?"

"Why shouldn't you like him? He can't be more than sixty, and a man of sixty ought to be in his prime. And he's very handsome—at least Viola Bartlett says he used to be. And you know very well, Polly, you can make him love you, fast enough!"

Polly pursed up her cherry dot of a mouth.

"A lover of sixty!" cried she, "I wish you'd be handsome when Viola Bartlett was a girl! Oh, mother!"

"A handsome house and grand carriage of your own," artfully interposed Mrs. Piper. "And servants to do this drudgery that comes so hard on you now, and a good home for your poor father that's crippled with rheumatism, and ——"

"All this is taking a good deal for granted," cried Polly, dancing across the room. "Your dear Gloria bawling for help. I think she'll drown herself in the washtub if I don't come pretty soon. He's to be here in the noon train, isn't he? Oh, mother, you'll have to make the peach shortcake yourself, and I'll attend to the tomatoes! And, mother—I declare I never thought of it until this minute, but here's a note from the school trustees, to let you know that this is your week for boarding the new schoolmaster."

Mrs. Piper gave a start of dismay.

"The new schoolmaster!" she echoed. "But, Polly, he can't come this week. We haven't but the one spare room, and your cousin from New York is to be here to-day; and, besides we can't be bothered with country schoolmasters when there's so much to be done. Write and tell the trustees so at once. I dare say the man would just as soon go to Widow Topman's this week. There he is coming now. Tell him, Polly."

A score of dimples broke out around Polly Piper's bewitching little Cupid's bow of a mouth; her blue eyes sparkled with fun.

"Tell him yourself, mother," she retorted. "I don't know what on earth to say."

And, thus forced into the breach, Mrs. Piper unwillingly advanced toward a tall, preternaturally aender young man who was coming hesitatingly up the garden path, with a baggy umbrella in one hand and a shabby valise in the other. He paused, and set down the shabby valise, that he might the more conveniently raise a still shabbier hat from his perspiring brow, as he saw the two women.

"He has got nice eyes, in spite of that tow colored hair of his," thought Polly. "I'm glad I'm not mother."

"Is this Mr. Paracelsus Piper's residence?" asked the young man, diffidently.

"Yes, it is," answered the lady of the house. "But there's been a mistake. We don't want you here."

"Poor fellow!" thought Polly. "How he colors! I'm sorry now I let mother do it. I might have softened matters a little. How tired he looks, and I'm sure his valise must weigh a quarter of a ton at least."

"Better go to Widow Topham's," continued Polly's mother, "half a mile down the road, and tell the folks I passed you on, so you could take your week there first. It ain't convenient for us to entertain you here to-day."

And, to nip the whole matter in the bud, Mrs. Piper turned short around and made a dive into the house, resolutely closing the door behind her.

"There," said she, "it's done! I could not have him here."

"He hasn't gone yet," said Polly, her pretty nose flattened against the fanlights of the hall door.

"What's he doing?" sharply queried her mother, peering through the blinds.

"He has sat down on his valise. Now he is wiping his forehead with a very nice white pocket handkerchief. Now he's looking back at the house. Oh, mother, don't you think——"

"Polly," said Mrs. Piper, in accents of condensed exasperation, "I don't think anything at all. But if you don't go and help Gloriana with the washing, I'll go myself, and there's an end of it!" And Polly, who knew the meaning of her mother's voice as well as a musician comprehends his gamut obeyed at once.

Was it Polly's fault that old Gloriana had suspended the clothes line in that velvet green meadow through which the brook gurgled like a laughing, frolicsome child?

Was it through any complicity of hers that the tall young man had selected that especially "short cut" from the Piper farmhouse to the high road?

Polly stopped and looked at him, her mouth full of clothes-pins, her bonny brown curls blown hither and yon, like a meadow of ripened wheat in a September gale.

"He has stopped to eat blackberries," thought she. "He must be very hungry. Young man, I say—young man!"

The stranger started.

"I beg your pardon," said he. "Am I trespassing?"

"No," said Polly, "it isn't that. Any one is welcome to the wild blackberries. But—you seem hungry!"

I'm almost famished, frankly admitted the young man. "I breakfasted at six, and have had nothing since."

"It's too bad!" cried sympathetic Polly. "Look here—you shall come to our house! I don't care what mother says.

"You are Miss Piper?" he asked.

"They call me Polly," said the girl. "I declare it's semi-barbarous, this sort of thing! We've no business to act like the priest and the Levite, even if we do happen to be expecting company from the city. There's a very nice little bedroom over the kitchen, sir, if you don't mind the chimney going through it, and the outlook into the poultry yard behind, and I'll get some dinner myself. Come!"

With the gesture of a modern Queen Boadicea bidding her serf "Follow me!" Polly left the basket of clothes to its fate and led the way back to the house, where Mrs. Piper was even then beating eggs for the peach shortcake by the kitchen table.

"Mother," said she, "I've brought the schoolmaster back. Don't be vexed: but he was so tired and hungry, poor fellow! I'll fix up the kitchen bedroom for him, and it will take only a few minutes to cook a bit of beefsteak and make a cup of coffee.

"Poll," cried the despairing matron, "I think you must be crazy!"

"Madam," said the bewildered stranger, "I do not desire to intrude, if——

"It's all right, mother," said Polly, flying briskly around, pouring out a bowl of rich milk into which she heaped a liberal portion of the sliced peaches which had been intended for the shortcake, and urging her company to "eat that to begin with," while she measured out some coffee and put a juicy slab of steak on the gridiron over a bed of white hot coals.

At that moment there came a fusilade of knocks at the hall portals beyond.

"It's your cousin, Polly!" cried Mrs. Piper, hastened to open the door.

It was a stout, ruddy man, in blue spectacles and a pepper-and-salt suit.

"Cousin Albert!" smiled Mrs. Piper, holding out both hands in ostentatious welcome.

"Ma'am!" said the stranger, vacantly.

"He must be a little deaf," thought Mrs. Piper, and she raised her voice accordingly.

"That ain't my name, ma'am," said the stout man with the blue glasses, "and I ain't hard of hearin' neither. I'm Joseph Parks, that's billed to commence teaching the deestrict school tomorrow morning, and the trustees——

"My goodness me!" exclaimed Mrs. Piper. "If you're the schoolteacher, who's this young man? I knew how it would be, Polly. He's a tramp—an impostor! Blow the horn for the farm hands; loose the dog!"

The young man, who had just disposed of the last luscious spoonful of peaches and cream, here rose to his full height.

"Up to this time," said he, "no one has asked me for my name or credentials. Everything appears to have been taken for granted, but if any one is doubtful of my identity, I shall be pleased to settled the matter. I am Albert Haven, from New York and I presumed have the pleasure of speaking to my cousins, Miss and Mrs. Paracelsus Piper."

"Albert Haven!" cried Mrs. Piper. "Why, Albert Haven is sixty! Miss Viola Bartlett——"

"You are probably thinking of my uncle, who died last month," said the stranger. "Miss Viola Bartlett, I know, was an old sweetheart of his. My uncle, in his last and representative, have decided to carry out the plans he had made for visiting his relation in this neighborhood."

"Well," cried Polly, with eyes that shone like hazel diamonds, as she poured out two cups of fragrant coffee, "if you have cheated the schoolmaster out of his welcome, Cousin Albert, you must be content to share your dinner with him, for I won't have any one else turned out of doors to-day, no matter what happens."

"My dear little Cousin Polly!" cried Mr. Haven; "you are the soul of hospitality. Depend upon it, I never shall forget this bowl of peaches and cream.

The schoolmaster unpacked his clean collars and text books in the kitchen bedroom. Mr. Albert Haven helped Polly start a box of geranium slips in the garden. Out by the chattering little brooklet old Gloriana muttered to herself as she hung snowy handkerchiefs and napkins galore to dry; and Mrs. Piper, as she took the hot peach shortcake and the pans of tea biscuit out of the oven, thought with a thrill of triumph:

"Polly was wiser than I, after all. And I do believe things are going to happen just as I wanted them to."

Fighting the Flood.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

Loud, clear, slow, and solemn, borne on the midnight air, comes the cannon's roar, awaking every sleeper in a quaint little town in South Holland.

Presently bells ring out wild peals of alarm from every church steeple, and the streets bear the clang of hurrying feet.

The students, aroused out of his deep slumbers by the shots, jumps out of bed, thinking, mayhap, the hotel is on fire. But as, hurriedly dressing, he goes downstairs, a waiter has only time to utter:

"The dyke is broken, sir. Don't you hear the guns?"

That is the secret of the warning cannon at dead of night. Outside every one is making for a certain spot amidst intense excitement and tumult. In the barracks, soldiers are beating their drums; in the streets, policemen are rushing to and fro sounding gongs.

Every capable worker, man, woman and child, gentile and simple, is needed instantly. It's a matter of life or death to the townsfolk, and they know it. Should the river make headway, the whole district round—which, like the bulk of the country, lies below the level of the sea—will be flooded.

Officers divide the people into gangs of about a hundred each, giving them spades, hammers, wheelbarrows, ropes and chains.

As each group is armed it is marched off to the river. Nobody is spared. The casual visitor, attracted by the bustle, is furnished with some implement or other, and told off on what service he know not.

Yet, even in the height of the uproar, Dutch phlegm will assert itself, and men may be seen calmly smoking their pipes as if they were leisurely inspecting a bed of tulips on a beautiful summer day.

But though everything is marked by most admired disorder, it is the hurry-scurry of people anxious to be of use, not of bewildered folk who have lost their heads.

Each group of workers is guided by a squad of soldiers, who give an air of precision to all the proceedings.

Meanwhile, the cause of the disaster has been ascertained. It appears that a rise in the river has found out a weak spot in the dyke, and that some fifty yards of wall have given way.

As soon as the ramparts are reached, it is seen that the water already stands a foot high. The first thing that is done is to build a temporary wall of earth and a few wooden beams between the ramparts and the dyke. This miniature lake is formed in a marvellously short space of time, and then the season laborers wade across to the broken dyke, and begin to fill up the gap with soil and stones.

They are standing to their waists in water, but what does that matter? Every one digs in a plodding, stolid fashion, as if he was delving his garden or farm. There are even humorous touches in the weird scene. Here is a man whose evening dress shows that the minute guns broke up a dancing party. But though his swallow tails fly in the wind, he plies his pickaxe like a Trojan.

But the willing workers are not niggerdriven. Every now and again relief parties are ordered into the water to take the place of those who have not spared themselves, and who now, cold and weary and wet, are glad to climb to the top of the dyke.

Presently a shout is raised:

"The Students! The Yacht Club!"

This fresh body of sturdy recruits at once jump into the water: some digging canals; others repairing the gap. By break of day the waters have been beaten back, and the civilians return home to bed or to earn their daily bread.

These incidents are somewhat frequent, and the Dutch who live by the seashore or on the rivers' banks have to be perpetually on the watch against the smallest encroachment of the tide. The present condition of their country is a standing monument that they have ever been equal to the occasion.

A Drawback.

"I am in strict accord with the poet who invoked blessings upon the head of him who first invented sleep.

"So should I have been, had that person not spoiled the whole business by putting in a snoring attachment."—*Harper's Bazar.*

A Serious Mistake.

A very amusing incident occurred in a Philadelphia newspaper office the other day that really bears telling. Two pretty young girls walked into the place, and going up to the counter, put a good sized bundle in front of the obsequious youth who hastened forward to learn their wants. Seeing the size of the parcel he considered, without waiting for any instructions, that it was composed of returned papers: so taking it up, he said, "How many are there here?" The girls blushed and giggled, and answered "Two, ma'am." The young man then inquired the name of the sender, where they came from, when they were bought, etc.; all of which questions were greeted by fresh giggles and renewed blushes. Then the young man, in the innocence of his heart, took up a knife, cut the string, opened up the parcel! Were two dozen editions of the daily *Squeezer* revealed to an admiring audience, consisting of the cashier the two clerks, the office boy, and a variety of men of different callings, who were at the time in the office! Ah, no. Visions of lace-trimmed *lingerie* burst upon the view, a stream of expostulating murmurs fell from the lips of the two girls, and the wretched youth who had one the mischief gazed with glassy eyes upon the tucks and frills. Then the office boy because of his humble rank, lay down on the floor and rolled in an agony of vulgar mirth, the cashier retired behind a pulpit desk, the crowd looked on, while a suppressed gurgle was heard issuing from tensely-drawn lips, and the wretched being, whose dire deed it was, tried with trembling fingers to repair damages. The girls gazed helplessly at him, and at last from the trembling lips of one came the reveal, "We thought it was an express office!" Then they retired, with badly shattered nerves.—*N. Y. Truth.*

At Old Point.

Cadley (to supposed widow)—Mrs. Bronson, you see me on my knees before you. Will you—won't you, be my wife!

Mrs. Bronson—No, Mr. Cadley, I cannot; but I'll introduce you to my husband when he arrives, and maybe he'll be a brother to you.

Business.

The Prince Ashbarrelski—Miss Crœsus, I love you. Will you be my wife?

Miss Crœsus—What are your lowest terms!

In Statu Quo.

Husband of strong-minded woman—Well, my dear, they have elected you President of the Women's Equal Rights Club. You're Mrs. President, of course. That will be your title now. What will I be?

Wife—You'll be the same little old idiot you always were, George.

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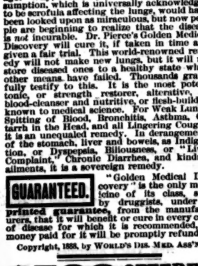

A HORSE WHO CAN TALK!

Everybody has heard of a "horse laugh," but who has ever seen an equine gifted with the power of speech? Such an animal would be pronounced a miracle; but so would the telegraph and the telephone a hundred years ago. Why, even very recently a cure for consumption, which is universally acknowledged to be fearful in affecting the lungs, would have been looked upon as miraculous, but now people are beginning to realize that the disease is not incurable. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will cure it, if taken in time and given a fair trial. This world-renowned remedy will not make new lungs, but it will restore diseased ones to a healthy state when other means have failed. Thousands gratefully testify to this. It is the most potent tonic, or strengthening, alterative, or blood-cleanser and nutritive, or flesh-builder, known to medical science. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh in the Head, and all Lingering Coughs, it is an unequalled remedy. Derangements of the stomach, liver and bowels, as Indigestion, or Dyspepsia, Biliousness, or "Liver Complaint," Chronic Diarrhœa, and kindred ailments, it is a sovereign remedy.

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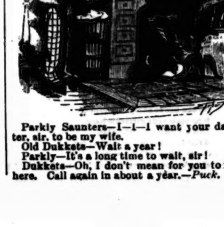
A Send Off or a Stand Off.



Parkly Saunters—I—I—I want your daughter, sir, to be my wife.

Old Dukkets—Wait a year!

Parkly—It's a long time to wait, sir!

Dukkets—Oh, I don't mean for you to wait here. Call again in about a year.—*Puck.*

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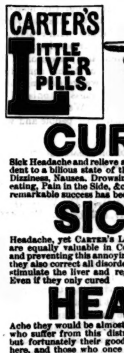

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Another Nuisance.

The man who goes out between the acts at the theaters has long been held up to the public scorn, and the women who will persist in leaving on their headgear, no matter how fearfully high and wonderfully made, have for years been prey for the pen of the reformer. But although these are the two principal targets for the paper bullets of the writers and satirists, there are other evils which afflict audiences at theaters and concerts equally as much. One of these which we rarely see mentioned is the habit people have of rising to put on their coats or wraps before the curtain falls at the end of the play. It is getting to be quite a custom. The players are getting used to it and they may often be noticed by those who have the opportunity hastening through their speeches at a breakneck pace, ostensibly to finish before their audience has deserted them. When Jones buys a novel to read he likes to read it carefully to the last word and perhaps to linger over the happy *denouement* if he happens to be in a sentimental mood. What would he think if Smith were to come along just as he was turning to the last page and were to tear out that leaf and throw it in the fire. That is almost precisely what Smith does when he rises at the theater just before the play is done to put on his ulster and shuts out Jones' view of the stage, as well as in all probability making noise enough to shut off Jones' hearing at the same time. Jones has paid his money to see the play to the sweet or bitter end if he so wishes and it is not right that Smith should be allowed to deprive him of his pleasure; neither is it polite. The unavoidable annoyances one is subjected to at plays and concerts are sufficient in themselves without being subjected to those that are needless. How often do we lose the effect of some fine touch of histrionism or music by a cough, the shuffling of a foot, or the rustling of a play bill. These things are sometimes unavoidable, however, but the practice of rising to put on coats, etc., is totally unnecessary and exceedingly bad manners. It looks as if those who do this are afraid that there is a preconcerted scheme on the part of the doorkeepers to lock them in and turn down the lights if they do not escape within a certain time.

Music.

The Philharmonic Society's performance of Max Bruch's Arminius was well attended and was well received by the audience. Mr. Torrington's chorus was present in goodly numbers, but sadly out of balance. The generation of tenors in Toronto seems to have lessened in number of late years, and it is with the utmost difficulty that a score of fair voices and fair readers can be gathered into the Philharmonic fold. The basses, too, were not in equality with the sopranos. The latter contingent was excellent in tone-quality and in efficiency, only two numbers of the oratorio showing uncertainty among the trebles. Their singing was full of dash and spirit and must have delighted Mr. Torrington, as it did those who heard them. But the very strength and aggressive courage of the sopranos served to make the contrast with the other parts all the greater. The work is one which, being written for the Continental pitch, entails severe work upon the voices when sung in the pitch in use here, and the singing generally showed this strain, more especially on the part of the altos and tenors.

Generally speaking, the work is a fine one, full of fire and spirit, and with a peculiarly rich orchestration. It abounds in martial and declamatory work, but lacks the gentle influences which would give a contrast to the energy and restlessness which pervade the composition. I don't think that Herr Bruch could ever have been a singer himself, he is so exacting in his demands upon the voices, especially upon the baritone. The extent of this may be estimated by the fact that in one part of the work the baritone sings for nearly twenty-five pages continuously, and mostly between G and D with plentiful variations above the higher note.

This is not good construction, and it becomes terribly monotonous to both audience and singer. That Mr. Porteous carried it off as well as he did, is alike creditable to his endurance and method. He has a bright voice, a little over charged with the vibrato, and a little short in range, both voice and method failing him on upper notes. Mme. Anna Bulkeley Hills, who sang the contralto part, has a strong voice, much better in lower notes than elsewhere, the registers not being well equalized. She evidently mistrusted her voice in places, as she changed the melody in some phrases so as to bring it better within range. Mr. Parker sang the tenor music very conscientiously and with clear, truthful intonation. The choruses were, with one or two exceptions, very well sung when the disparity of parts is considered, but the plentiful expression marks in the score were not followed as they should have been.

The orchestra was heavily taxed in its work and responded extremely well considering the difficulty of the work. It, however, afforded the usual opportunity for the stopping of a number by the conductor. I cannot help thinking that the orchestra would be the better for a lessening of the strings by the removal of the players in the rear desks, with the result that the foggy tone would be removed. This would be an advantage more than sufficient to counterbalance the disadvantage of a weaker string tone. Better weak and pure than strong and impure.

In consequence of the terrible calamity which assailed the University on Friday last, the conversazione with its music and revelry did not come off. The Glee Club will, however, give a concert at the Gardens on Tuesday evening next in aid of the University Literary and Scientific Society, whose loss is considerable, owing to the destruction of flowers, flags and instruments which were borrowed and which have to be paid for. The programme will be the same as was intended for Convocation Hall, and as outlined at the time of writing will embrace Mrs. Agnes Thomson, Miss Marie C. Strong, Miss Agnes Rice-Knox, Mr. Harry M. Field, Master George Fox, and the Glee Club under the direction of Mr. E. W. Schuch.

The Hamilton Minstrels who played here on Saturday, gave us excellent singing, good dancing and execrably grey-haired jokes. There used to be a superstition that all the worn out hacks and cabs went to Kingston; similarly we may suppose that the joke-books find final rest from the bustle of the world in the quiet which is popularly believed to hover over Hamilton. Apart from the humorous department, the show was good. I have rarely heard a better male chorus than the one Mr. D. J. O'Brien conducted on this occasion, and I have rarely heard more tasty and artistic singing than he produced with this chorus. They have fine voices, shade well, have good precision and spirit, and may be said to have only one fault, that they do not leave off together and promptly. Mr. O'Brien produced fine effects of shading, and had some good soloists in his party, notably Mr. Morley and Mr. Robinson.

The Balmoral Choir gave two concerts at the Pavilion, on Saturday and Monday evenings, before good-sized audiences. The changes of programme made by this organization are very creditable to the strength of its repertoire, and enable it to make a return to a city both profitable and enjoyable.

The annual concert of the A. O. U. W. was given on Tuesday evening to a literally overflowing house at the Pavilion, an excellent programme being presented by Miss Nora Clench, Miss Alice Waltz, Miss Marie C. Strong, Miss Jessie Alexander, Mr. Sims Richards, Mr. Fred Warrington and Mr. James Fax, under the direction of Mr. J. D. A. Tripp.

Our former townswoman, Mlle. Adele Strauss, sang at Theodore Thomas' Sunday concert at the Lenox Lyceum with great success, receiving very complimentary notices at the hands of the newspaper critics. I understand that she has had several advantageous offers to sing with prominent concert companies, and I have no doubt that we shall hear more of her soon.

Signor Ed. Rubini tells me that he has quite extensive classes in both Hamilton and London, where he makes weekly visits.

METRONOME.

The Drama.

George Edwardes' London Gaiety Company played a three-nights engagement at the Grand this week, opening on Monday. This was one of the events of the season here, as it presented a style of entertainment different in some respects from any we have seen. In Faust Up to Date was presented one of those travesties on some well known theme, laden with local allusion and brightened with clever songs, in which the London public take such an especial delight, and for the production of which the Gaiety Theater is far-famed. We do not often see a first-class burlesque in Toronto, and I fancy that wherein Faust Up to Date differs from others of its class is chiefly in point of elaboration. When we examine the constituent parts of the show there is little found that is new. We have seen pieces similarly made up—of jest, of mock heroics, of song and of a vast deal of objectless talk, all leading nowhere but to laughter. And we have seen them put on the boards with a wealth of gaudy scenery and battalions of giddy girls. But in this case we have champagne from Normandy, port from the cellars by the Tagus, here is burlesque from the home of burlesque. It is here in its most elaborate and perfect form, surrounded with everything that makes it worth seeing or hearing. It was this fulness of treatment and perfection of detail, I think, that made us think sometimes that in Faust Up to Date we were seeing something new. Its completeness astonished us and we wondered if it could. We looked around, saw the back seats filled with people and were answered.

I saw in a paragraph on theatricals the other day that the theater is supported by "the unthinking public." There seems to me to be a large amount of truth in this statement. Such pieces as Faust Up to Date, The Water Queen down at the Academy, and perhaps I may include The Bandit King at Jacobs & Sparrow's, are cerjainly constructed for the unthinking public. I do not mean that the thinking public never goes to see them. They do, but on such occasions they do not think. It is not necessary. It is a good thing to relax one's thinker occasionally. It is not very hard work to lie in summer time on a grassy bank where the sunlight is sweetly sleeping, listening to the ripple of the stream and the songs of the birds, watching the changing colors of an evening sky and to laugh at the gambols of a flock of lambs as they frolic on the sward. Burlesque and comic opera affect the sensess in much the same way, only that they have the imperfections of illusion. Faust Up to Date is much like a comic opera. It has the same intangible kind of plot, the same splendor of coloring, the same pattering of many feet and its music is better than that with which burlesque is usually accompanied.

Faust Up to Date shows in places the results of being transplanted from its native soil. Many of the local "rags" have been changed to suit the American atmosphere, and they sometimes are not exactly in harmony with their environment, which is decidedly English in spirit if not in substance. The ballet was so large as to tax the capacity of the Grand Opera House stage. The costumes were very picturesque and harmonious in point of coloring while the three scenes shown made bright and effective backgrounds for the rest of the picture. Miss Florence St. John who leads the company is one of the Gaiety favorites. She is a beautiful woman, with a bright, merry face and soft brown hair that the light touches to gold. She seems to waken up as the performance advances and is much more vivacious and sprightly towards the end than at the beginning. Her singing of Love's Golden Dream was much admired, as were also the lightness and delicacy of her comedy. Mr. E. J. Lonnen as Mephistopheles was the soul of the performance. In his make up he was grotesque in every feature. Mr. Lonnen is a native of the Emerald Isle and his singing of the Irish comic songs, Enniscorthy and Killaloo, was admirable. Mr. Chas. Danby put a good deal of humor into the part of Valentine. This part was the creation of George Stone, who died just before the company left England for America. Miss Addie Conyers made a very pretty Faust, but she cannot act a little bit. The skirt dancing of Florence Levey, Lillian Price, Maude Wilmot and Estelle Rowe was a dream of graceful motion. When one has seen the delightful gliding and pirouetting of some of the originators of this style of dancing one ceases to wonder why skirt dancing has become a "rage" and every company that comes along presents a quarto of "original Gaiety dancers."

At the Academy of Music Kiralfy's spectacle, The Water Queen, has been running all week to good business. This is another show for the unthinking public and from an intellectual point of view is inferior to both burlesque and comic opera. It is one of those nightmares of the style of She and the Twelve Temptations. Sir Egbert the Bold loves the fair Lady Elsa who reciprocates his passion. Draco, an evil spirit, for some reason best known to himself, abducts Lady Elsa and hies her away to his region under the sea or some other equally outlandish place. Hither comes Sir Egbert the Bold, accompanied by Porthos, "a poor devil" who invariably drinks and makes all the fun. After many desperate conflicts and much expenditure of lung power in heroic speeches Sir Egbert succeeds, with the assistance of the Water Queen, in rescuing the fairy Lady Elsa. All who have ever seen spectacle will recognize the same old plan. It is needless to try and find out what it is about. It would be a hopeless and unprofitable task.

The chief supports of spectacular drama are legs. Legs are its *raison d'etre*, and without legs it would will away like a fat man's collar on a hot day. All that is required of dialogue and action is that it succeed in keeping the legs in sight all the time the curtain is up. It does not take much to do this and the result is that a person wonders how any man could concoct so much dialogue and preserve through it all such an unvarying altitude of senseless stupidity. One would think he might occasionally lapse into something bright if not witty. The Water Queen is in this respect no worse than the most of its kind. The ballet is the feature of the show and it is to the fore almost all the time. The scenic arrangements are very elaborate and resplendent with all the hues of the spectrum. The costumes of the ballet are brilliant, making with the scenery a combination of color rather too glaring to be pleasant. The dancing of Mlle. Paris and Helen Konradt and the gymnastic work of the Plairas are the best specialties of the show.

The entertainment given by the Hamilton Minstrels at the Academy of Music last Saturday was one that does credit to the amateur talent of the city on Burlington Bay. The appearance presented on the stage by the company of over fifty members was quite imposing. With the exception of the end men, who wore a becoming fancy costume, all the company were attired in evening dress. The sombreness of black coats and black faces was here and there relieved, however, by the blaze of a hotel-clerk diamond. The work of the company gave evidence of careful training. The comic work of the end men, although sometimes slightly lacking vim and go, was very well up to the mark and those of their jokes which were not new had the merits of being respectably old. The dancing was particularly good and was quite worthy of a company of professionals. Mr. Hill's speech was a decided hit but the work of Messrs. McDonald and McLean approached nearer that of professional minstrels than anything else.

At Jacobs & Sparrow's theater James H. Wallick has been a drawing attraction this week. The first three nights he appeared in the Bandit King, a highly sensational play, which has been noticed before in these columns. The performance of his trained horses is rather clever, and is the delight of many who go to see them. Some of the scenery was very good, though of a conventional kind. The performance throughout was up to the usual standard of this class of melodrama. On Thursday night the bill was changed to Sam Houston, a play in which Mr. Wallick has made a hit.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

It is rumored in Paris that Sara Bernhardt may soon marry again. The name of the gentleman is not given.

Last year, says an authority, seven hundred and forty-nine plays were copyrighted, of which sixty-two were produced, and eighteen were successful.

The American tour of Victoria Vokes at one time threatened to prove disastrous, and was almost given up. It is reported now that she has resumed it under the most favorable auspices.

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
Just how small your houses are
No one knows except the gang
Who upon your garments hang.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
While from towns obscure and far,
Clever agents sweetly write:
"House crowded every night."

Rosina Vokes interviewed recently in Rochester expressed herself on the question of the much abused peruke: "In my opinion," she said, "every actress ought, as far as possible, to rely upon her own hair. A wig, however becoming, is an inanimate thing and not in sympathy with the expression of the face. You see when I raise my eyebrows my hair moves also; if I wore a wig this would not be so. My eyebrows might almost touch the wig, but the latter would not budge. In this way the expressions of the face lose effect."

To the bold mind that conceived a melodrama entitled The Crimson Stain, of which an early production is promised, must be awarded the palm so far as stage realism is concerned. The mind in question is the property of a Colonel John J. Forster, heretofore known in theatrical life as an advance and press agent. It has evolved a melodrama bearing the above title in five acts. In the first act is introduced a stage coach with four real live horses; in the second, a train of railroad cars and a locomotive; in the third, a dock with real water and ships, etc.; in the fourth, a storm at sea and realistic shipwreck; and in the fifth, an eruption of a lively volcano with real lava and pumice stone.

'Varsity Chat.

When we drove or walked up to the grand old pile on that disastrous Friday evening the brightness of expectancy was turned to the blackness of sorrow; the very flames were darkness. An ordinary accident preventing the conversat. would be regretted, but it is safe to say that none gave a serious thought of the social event; not disappointed but sick at heart all turned away to put off the finery and lament. The ladies forgot about their pretty dresses and fragile flowers like brides bereft. Even yet though familiar with the sight of the blackened walls, and frequently reminded that such and such a book is not in the library, we sometimes struggle against the consciousness of the disheartening fact and try to think it all undone.

The general public reflects that the great building, with the outside of which they were more or less familiar, is destroyed, that the keystone of the provincial educational arch is shattered, that an architectural wonder, which visitors praised, is ruined, and that it will take a million or so to make it all new. These things are all true, and we do not forget them. But to all who can say *alma mater*, the disaster comes much nearer. Every window and tile and stone spoke to us. Another bell will do as well to call future students to lectures, but there is a side of our nature, which false economists and stupid people sometimes forget, to which the new music will not appeal. I say economists. I do not mean the students in that department, and, above all, not Prof. Ashley, who, late of classic Oxford, complimented the boys the other day on the movement in favor of gown-wearing, but those unfortunate people who fancy that, if, indeed, a university be any use at all, it is a kind of warehouse where a large and varied stock of rare knowledge is kept constantly on hand, for some reason or other. The memorial window too is gone, one of our dearest treasures, a proof that students, and especially Ontario students, are not too wise to obey the laws or too cowardly to die for country. The window can and I hope will be replaced. Not so the rare books of the great library. The four volumes of Audubon cannot be bought for money, nor can Sergt. McKim's medals, nor many other curious things, the gifts of friends. For all this there is nothing but regret.

Our sympathies have not been for ourselves alone. Not one but has felt sorry for the aged and revered president. What must have been his feelings, who, in an acquaintance not of one or four years but of decades, has learned to love the noble structure? Very fortunately it happened that Sir Daniel's private archeological collection escaped with little damage. And so all is not lost. I thought as I walked across the quadrangle Saturday afternoon and heard the residence men singing Old Varsity, a song of hope and courage, that the unconquerable will still lived which would set the great stones in their place again. Since then expressions of sympathy and offers of help have poured in, for which we are profoundly grateful.

There are a few cheering features in it all. Public consciousness of the importance of the institution has been deepened and liberal instincts stirred. Though virtue does not consist in action it dies of inaction. The beautiful main entrance is still intact, and the main walls are most of them solid. This is worth more to us than the cost of re-erection if they had fallen, because they determine the character and quality of the new building; it will almost necessarily be like the old. Nothing could please us better. It had been feared, let us hope groundlessly, that while the new building would be bigger than the old, it would lack the wonderful finish of detail which enriched the old. All who have studied the interior of the structure will surely wish that the hand of the new master builder may be very cunning.

At a special meeting of the Literary Society on Monday evening it was resolved to declare the society's desire that gowns be henceforth worn by all students who can possibly do so. The primary object of the meeting was to discuss the society's liabilities. Among other things it was decided to hold a concert as soon as possible to raise funds for the liquidation of debts incurred through the fire. The Glee Club has the matter in charge and look for support especially to those who have enjoyed its generous music on various occasions.

For instance, on Tuesday evening the club contributed largely to the programme of a concert in Elm Street Methodist Church.

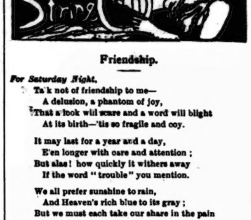
Lecturer Keys, M.A., while hunting for relics last week, was struck by a piece of falling stone. Luckily his injuries are not at all serious.

NEMO.

New Year's Amenities.

"Sammy, dear, we really must go to Finklestein's, we owe them a visit for I don't know how long."

"Dear girl, if that were the only thing we owed them, I should have gone long since."



Friendship.

For Saturday Night.

Ta'k not of friendship to me—
A delusion, a phantom of joy,
That a moth and a moment and a word will blight
At its birth—'tis so fragile and coy.

It may last for a year and a day,
E'en longer with care and attention;
But alas! how quickly it withers away
If the word "trouble" you mention.

We all prefer sunshine to rain,
And Heaven's rich blue to its gray;
But we must each take our share in the pain
That visits the world every day.

O, ideal friend; you are somewhere, I know,
If I only could find out the where,
I would hold you so fast, never more could you go
To your home in the Castle of Air. EVA LYZER.

Post-Nuptial.

Before the glowing anthracite,
That still reflects enchanting dreams,
Come, dearest, sit by me to-night,
And banish thought of household themes.

Of perfect peace this is the goal,
The sweet fulfilment of the joy,
That in the soul, prophetic coal,
I pictured when a love-struck boy.

A many-mooded girl were you
In those delicious, virgin days,
So mutable I hardly knew
The way to woo, and wooed all ways.

Your moods enhanced your charms to me;
Be changeful still, I will not chide;
Why should a sweetheart's fancies be
Less captivating in a bride?

What if the dimple-hearted pinks
Have faded from your cheeks? I find
Them in a richer bloom, methinks,
Within the garden of your mind.

You are diviner now, forsooth,
Than in the ante-nuptial time;
When in the tropic heat of youth
I sang your praise in ardent rhyme.

May nobler inspiration spring
From love made perfect by the years!
And may your laureate live to sing
Songs more delightful to your ears.

S. A. WOOD, in *N. Y. Sun.*

Ode to my Lost Umbrella.

Dear departed shade, of thee I sing
My melancholy lay;
O, whither art thou wandering?
With whom went thou away?
I stood thee by the wide porch-door
With unsuspecting mind,
And found but tear-drops on the floor,
Thy weeping left behind.

Perhaps a friend—some generous soul—
Of philanthropic ways,
To share with me a brief control,
Hath taken thee to raise.
But as good deeds are sometimes done
By mortals here below,
The hand that grasped thee for its own
The left hand ne'er may know.

But fare thee well, dear absent friend,
I ne'er thee can forget,
While droppings from above descend
My outer self to wet.
In every cloud, in every blow,
Thine image will arise,
To tell of fleeting things below
And point me to the skies.

O, generous friend, who e'er thou art,
My "blessing" follow thee;
And though too modest to impart
Thy name or place to me,
Yet, sometime in the far-off land,
Someone from thee may tell
Why raindrops are in great demand,
And not our umbrell.

A Jolly Wizard.

Oh, a wizard dwelt in a cave by the sea,
And a dreamer of dreams was he.
The wild waves' roar as they broke on the shore,
Gave him mirth and jollity.
For he's people the rocks and the sounding deep
With phantasies weird as the products of sleep.

Oh, he dreamed of a maiden fair as a star,
Who came o'er the rolling sea
On the snowy crest of the billow's breast:
With airy head walked she;
And her face was as white as the driven snow,
And her voice was like music low and soft and low.

Oh, she sang of love, and of lover's pain,
And she sang of a dream so sweet
That had urged her soul to a desperate goal.
For the sake of a wild heart-beat.
For the lover she loved in her fondest dream,
Was false as the glitter of brook and stream.

Oh, the wizard dwelt in a cave by the sea,
And a dreamer of dreams was he,
Through phantasies sad and phantasies glad,
He kept his jollity;
"For a dream is a dream, and not life," quoth he,
"But love which is life ne'er a dream can be!"

To my Valentine.

Be thou my sun.
For my love is the tempest of night,
Remorselessly wrecking my life,
Leaving nothing for peace, till the light
Of your calm, sweet eye stilleth the strife.

Be thou my moon.
For my love is the tide of the sea,
Having naught in its wild life to do
But to chase the wild waves on the lea,
Till it yields, tamed and conquered by you.

Be thou my star.
For my love is a mariner lost
From his reckonings—drifting at sea.
Till through clouds that are black and storm-tossed
In a rift he sees heaven and thee. *The Jury.*

Easy as Swimming.

Mr. Slimpurse (who has been accepted by Miss Wealthy, without inquiries as to his financial standing)—I wonder, my darling, if your parents will give their consent.

Miss Wealthy (thoughtfully)—Ma has always been very particular about the moral character of young men I associate with, and I'm afraid she'll ask a good many questions.

Mr. Slimpurse (joyfully)—Oh, I can get references from half a dozen ministers.

Miss Wealthy (delighted)—That's splendid! Then after that all you'll have to do will be to get references from half a dozen bankers, and you'll catch pa.—*N. Y. Weekly*

Noted People.

Alphonse Daudet's new novel is to be called The Caravan, and is to be based upon the adventures of a young couple who took their wedding journey about France in a gypsy wagon.

Mrs. Oscar Wilde, Mrs. Alma-Tadema and several titled ladies in London have organized an association, whose business it is to supply tasteful and well-made outfits for children and young girls, and to furnish regular employment to gentlewomen of narrow means, who do all the needlework.

Miss Maud Banks is a clear case of literary genius. She writes like a house afire, and has actually appeared in some of her own plays. Some of her work is—well, it is better than Emma Sheridan's. It would not be surprising if this delightful Bohemian broke out some time with a great—truly great American play.

It is said that the Marquis of Lorne, who has just completed a new novel, can knock off a bit of literary work with real expedition, but that like more illustrious writers, he finds a difficulty in being done with his revisions. The Duke of Argyll, on the other hand, writes slowly, almost laboriously, but having once written, he rarely alters even a single word.

Arlo Bates says that this winter has developed a new industry for young ladies. A young Boston girl, who was clever at once with her brains and with her hands, conceived the idea of having classes in carpentry for the benefit of young boys just beyond the kindergarten age. The classes meet at the parents' houses, the teacher furnishes material and tools, and the youngsters are at least taught how to whittle without cutting their fingers, and this, Mr. Bates thinks, is something.

Madame Carnot well understands *l'art de se faire valoir*, and knows better than to appear at her president's side dowdily dressed. Some of her costumes at the Elysee during this winter season have been truly regal in their appropriate splendor. At a recent afternoon reception she wore *capucine* (nasturtium colored) shade of velvet, with a small Figaro bodice of gold openwork, and the sleeves sat very high on the shoulders. Her hair was ornamented by a light colored tortoise-shell comb shaped like a coronet.

Master Alfonso XIII of Spain is in a happy state of convalescence. He is allowed to repair once more to his favorite nursery window, and watch the filing past of the Guards, and listen to the music. On his birthday just past no reception was held at the Palace. However, the little King was allowed to celebrate the joyful occasion by playing with his sisters, for the first time since his illness. He is very fond of them, and constantly asked where they were during the progress of his indisposition. Queen Christina went out for a drive on the Prado, to show herself to the populace on her son's birthday.

Agassiz was once conducting a friend through the great Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge, and when asked how he had succeeded in collecting so many of the marine animals of Brazil, replied: "It was not I, it was Don Pedro who did it. From the moment I landed in the country, he, the grand Emperor, abdicated in favor of me, the poor naturalist. He made me feel as if I were the benefactor, and he the recipient. He placed his palace, his ships, his men, all at my service. If anyone should ask you how Louis Agassiz collected these many fishes, say to him, by the help of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil, who, too, is a learned man, and honors learning."

Miss Charlotte Robinson has the honor of printing on her business cards Decorator to Her Majesty. Miss Robinson is a brown-haired, bright eyed, well-educated little lady, with a musical voice and an American alertness of demeanor. She has two shops—one in London and the other in Manchester—both of which she supervises. In addition to this labor, she spends much time in visiting town and country houses, and advising as to their decoration and furnishing. She is an expert draughtsman and a thorough mechanician, as well as a household artist. Having made an estimate of the cost of time, labor, and material, she submits specifications to her client, and if they are accepted, gives the plan at once to her workmen, and refuses to entertain interference or suggestion from her employers when once work is begun. Some of the most beautiful "interiors" in England are of her designing.

King Leopold of Belgium is the hero of a pretty story. Some six years ago a seaman named Frank Moore deserted from the steamer Rhyneland at Philadelphia. He was lately arrested at Antwerp for this offence, and heavily sentenced, whereupon his little niece, Bessie Keim, wrote to the King, beseeching her uncle's release. This letter related that six years ago her aunt was dying, and that her only prayer was that she might live to see her brother Frank, who, on arriving and hearing this, entreated of his captain permission to visit her, which, being denied him, he deserted. Little Bessie gravely concluded: "Your Majesty, if you had been in his place, would not you have done the same? I hope you will pardon Uncle Frank for deserting and me for writing." Not long afterward the child received a letter from a high official, saying that the offender had been released, "out of compliment to his Majesty's little friend."

The Czarewitch is very ailing—love-sick it is said—and is very pale and interesting, looking very unlike the object of the Prince's affections, the Princess Margherita of Prussia, who is as round, fresh and rosy as you could wish any girl of seventeen to be. His Imperial Highness is much smitten with this bonny young Princess, but the Czar objected to the marriage on account of the difference of religion, forgetting probably that his own wife, the Prince's mother, was born a Protestant. The Emperor thus having refused his consent to his son's choice, the Czarewitch fell into a very low way, so that his father was frightened and promised to apply to the Holy Synod to give their sanction to the union, and to leave it to the decision of the bride if she thought it right later on to change her religion to that of her husband, but in the meanwhile, to allow the so-much-talked-of marriage to take place.

On the Way to Bananaland.

A NASSAU POLICEMAN.

I AM afraid I am not well yet. After reading the pokey stuff which follows this preliminary business, I am convinced that I ought to be in the hospital. However, I am at large and I hope you will kindly excuse me for living. This descriptive letter business has been worrying me worse than the rheumatism. I knew that in my enervated condition, I couldn't write anything really worth reading when I made the promise to delineate the panorama of my adventures, but I hadn't anything else to say and it came easy to promise things. I have had the memory of that promise with me every day like the toothache, but I couldn't do anything. I tried to write and failed fifteen times. Then I remembered that I had done the same thing previously on many, many occasions, and yet had gone on and published what I had written, just as if it had been good. With this thought came the determination to brace up. My intentions, darling reader, were honorable and even ambitious. I had left town with a very game leg and returned in triumph in six weeks with two of them and the influenza. I knew I had reason to be proud of the manner my return to avoid brass bands, but I hoped when I re-entered my pulpit to have something stunning to say—something that would make everybody's hair curl with admiration. I went to work and wrote with all my might, even though my other hand was continuously engaged in delicate little attentions on my influenzied nose. My throbbing intellect, employed for these several years in literary pursuits at so much per throb, failed to pulsate worth a little board and the hand engaged in transcribing its noble thoughts had much less to do than the handkerchief one. I really feel as if the few brains God gave me have gone off to the wash, and if you fail to discover what all this is about think of the trouble I had to find out myself and wait till something awful happens to clear up the mystery. It reads smoothly enough, don't it now? You could slide down every column and never stub your toe on an idea. Then wore on—queer isn't it that time never wears off—and the villain still pursued her. I postponed re-writing it for a week in hope of being able to do better. The week expired but unfortunately I live sadly on. I must do something right now or get my salary docked and this is all I have ready. I wrote it myself, though I swear I wouldn't have known it only by the ears. I think it was intended to illustrate the standpoint from which I intend to view the caravan.

No. I—With Regard to Everything and Everybody Concerned.

A man who is in his business office all day—or ought to be—sees a certain variety of character, but it does not impress him: he has too many other things to think about—principally himself. Moreover, the types are very similar, day after day—collectors are very much alike—and familiarity breeds a certain inattention, the only exceptions being so grotesque that they are not serviceable as illustrations of the genus. Little incidents may happen on the street cars, and oddities may strike him in his drawing-room or library, or while his wife is talking to him in a low, firm tone in the hall; but after all, if he desires a harvest of new conceptions he must separate himself from home and business, and then his mind, in search of occupation, may feed upon the peculiarities of everyone who comes within view. I think that the pleasantest feature of travelling is the study, ing the people about you, and no matter how unpleasant the voyage or great the delays one always finds plenty of material developed by the accidents and inconveniences which are sure to produce specially interesting incidents.

Did you ever notice in traveling the difference in the business methods of those who are away from home? I was especially impressed with this in New York, and many visits I have grown to like New York hugely; after you get to know the ways of the people, the prompt, self-possessed politeness of the better class and the eager aggressiveness of the remainder are pleasant to meet. There may be, as it has been said, an air of "alert hogshiness" about the people, and prices may seem unusually large to those of us who live in smaller places, but one gives up money more readily there, it seems to me, than anywhere else. This readiness to pay big prices, however, does not come until the lesson is learned that rebellion is useless and all the economy that can be practiced must be before the bill is incurred and that nothing can be done in endeavoring to have it diminished after it is made out. The travelers unaccustomed to yielding up consider able fragments of their wealth to hotel clerks and other alleged extortioners divide themselves readily into two classes. The first variety evidently consider they are being robbed, dispute every item in every bill, express their opinion of New York and New Yorkers with unmeasured violence and never settle for anything gracefully nor as if they had ever paid for anything but "store stuff." The other kind seems to me still less worthy of imitation. No matter what price is demanded they pay it without question. They seem to think it is insulting to the dignity of the hotel clerk or shopkeeper to enquire the price beforehand. They have the idea that enquiries of that sort are apt to betray their freshness from the country and blandly lay down their money, sweep the change uncounted into their pockets and endeavor to smile as if the whole thing were of no consequence. If they knew that that form of recklessness was the most unmistakable evidence of their being over-awed by their surroundings they would muster up courage enough to require an occasional explanation. It is disagreeable enough to travel with chronic "kickers," and their continual complaints and foolish threats that they will never come to the house or store again will often redden one's face, but they are not so unsatisfactory as the reckless spendthrift who is anxious to cut a very wide swath with a very short scythe. The man who goes up to the hotel register, signs his name all over the page, wants a good room, intimates that the best in the house will be hardly up to the average he is used to, very often turns white in the face and nearly faints when he gets his bill, and then makes it unpleasant for his traveling companions by talking of the expense of the trip, the predatory instincts of the shopkeepers and hotel men, making the records of the day nothing but a table of grievance and price list of food. The most satisfactory and business-like type is the man who has little to say, finds plenty of room in the line for his name, and, if he is not already posted, in a quiet voice enquires what the rates are and without any fear and trembling because of the haughty manner of the majestic clerk, explains what he wants, what he is willing to pay and makes himself at home. The clerk may be not in that large and careless tone indicative of surprise that anyone should feel any anxiety as to whether the house charges four or fourteen dollars a day, and may in that way endeavor to bluff the traveler, but the clerk's irritation, which should be no concern of the guest, is more pretended than real and if it exists is perhaps caused by regret at his inability to strike the traveler dumb by his imperious manner. These quiet and business-like people are always well treated at a hotel. They know what they are doing and can leave the house without being forced to inform the cashier that they think he is a robber and extortioner, nor do they insist on instructing him as to how things are done in their "town," or darkly hinting that the people "to home" shall be warned to keep away from the robber's den, and that better hotels "where they come from" would not think of charging more than $2 a day. I admire the nerve of the average hotel clerk. The slightest indication of unfamiliarity with the surroundings is detected in the man before the register. If he asks questions the clerk polishes his finger nails or gazes dreamily towards the street with that bored look which says: "Here's another countryman; I will be cold to him and see if my manner will not persuade him to leave the house." It is a part of their business, but it makes me tired to see how often the bluff of these prodigiously important persons forces even business-like people into taking and paying for what they don't want.

The lofty tone of superiority which the hotel clerk assumes to the ordinary traveler is faithfully copied by many of those who in large cities have to deal with the traveling public. I had a good example of this at the office of the Ward Line steamers on Wall street. After painfully climbing up a stairway on a pair of anything but nimble crutches I found myself in a large room where a number of clerks were conversing in that particular tone which indicates that something has gone wrong. I inquired as to the identity of the passenger agent and was directed to a middle aged person, with a better a large and pleasant looking as a pint of sour cider. I endeavored to attract his attention by the usual methods, without success. He was looking over a book. As I changed wearily from one leg to the other I ventured to remark that I was lame and found standing exceedingly painful. Without looking up he told me that if I didn't like standing I might sit down. There was nothing to be said to that, so I did so and then I replied to his impertinence by opening the door leading into his room, and planting myself in a chair beside his desk, which action seemed to surprise him. After he had attended to some other business I handed him an order for a ticket purchased in Toronto and he made out the documents and handed them to me with very scant politeness. Following my custom I read the tickets over before leaving, a precaution which I now by his face he considered both unusual and impertinent. It happened that there was one ticket short, the value of which was in the neighborhood of $50. I called his attention to the fact. He snatched the tickets out of my hand and spoke as if I had been guilty of a very great error in not having them right. After the correction was made he shoved them back at me with that sudden movement and contemptuous air which one would not be surprised to find in the bar-tender of the leading saloon of Crazy Horse Gulch. I can't get old enough or sufficiently accustomed to the bad manners of such people not to feel a sense of personal humiliation at being so treated. One cannot help enquiring what there is in one's appearance or conduct which has made it seem, even to a plug of this kind, unnecessary to treat one with reasonable respect.

No doubt those who deal with the traveling public are forced to meet many unreasonable and impertinent people. I can imagine the trials of a passenger agent when tourists, having an exaggerated idea of their importance, insist upon having so much of the ship that, if their demands were granted, the balance of the passengers would have to hang on behind; but I can't conceive of the necessity of being habitually rude to everybody. The provocation, however, is often great, for travelers are not infrequent who seem to have left home in order to get rid of a virulent attack of ugliness, and proceed on the basis that every employe of lower rank than the president of the railroad, or the captain of the ship, is a proper victim of their outbreaks of temper. Others apparently will be made in the abstract fact that they are tourists and seem to imagine that title confers upon them a dignity and largeness which cannot be enjoyed by those who stay at home or are traveling on business or for their health. I can remember when I was a growing boy, standing on the platform of a rural railway station viewing with awe the people in the trains who were evidently bent on long journeys. There was an indefiniteness and romance about them which filled my mind with wonderment as to who they were, whence they came and whither they were bound. I could imagine them having wealth and eminent social position, and never felt smaller than when they gazed with weary amusement at the ungainly and dumbfounded boy whose wide-opened mouth betrayed his wonder and excessive respect. When Pullman cars first came into vogue their luxury was a revelation to the loiterers on the platforms of the railway stations at the cross-roads, and every traveler therein was a person of consequence. In looking back over one's youthful conception of things nothing brings back a more belittling idea of the smallness of the world he lived in than the recollection of this romantic glamour which it was his habit to throw over the transient stranger. In looking out of the windows of a Pullman I see hundreds of examples of the imaginative boy who probably has as little conception of the common-place and utterly uninteresting nature of a train-load of people as I had, though it must be confessed it gives me a certain amount of pleasure to be one of those who occasionally occupy in the untutored mind a place of respect similar to that which I once accorded every traveler.

Large as the world is alleged to be, the most of its surface has been made familiar to us either by personal visits which have been made so cheap and easy or by the countless books, the telegraph and omnipresent newspaper, so that *voyageurs* to excite wonder or unusual respect must have explored Africa or Russia, or some other land of mystery. The self-important person who for the first time has left his native shire to take in the sights is apt to forget this and not only put on airs abroad, but insist upon being considered an extraordinary person when he returns home, wearying everyone with large recitals of what he saw, being eternally reminded by local phenomena of what he witnessed in Constantinople or Naples or some other spot, the remoteness of which and the fact of having visited it he esteems sufficient to strike awe into the untraveled breast.

It is real funny to observe the people who clamber up the gangway of an ocean steamer about to sail. As I stood on the deck of the steamship Cienfuegos, bound for the Bahamas and Cuba, I entertained myself watching the passengers arrive and as I was an early comer I saw the majority of them and was duly impressed by the varying degrees of importance they attached to the fact that the United States of America was about to loog their presence. The Ward Line steamers sail from New York only once every two weeks, and no one was taking any great chances of missing the boat, so that half an hour before sailing time everybody was aboard, and even the shrill voiced woman with the heart-broken maid servant was at peace before we left the dock. The Scientist evidently considered that he had caught the boat by the skin of his teeth as he reminded his wife fifteen or twenty times that they were the last to arrive, and if the boat had not been late they would have been left and she would have been to blame. I felt sorry for his wife, she was larger than he and better looking, but had abandoned all hope of having anything to think or say. He was about thirty and carried a brand new photograph camera and an air of importance which one seldom sees outside the horse ring of a township show. He was probably a professor in a jay college or perhaps connected with some pharmaceutical establishment for he later on developed into a botanist. His nose turned up, as the Commercial Traveler afterwards remarked, as if offended at the smell of the breath beneath and throughout the voyage he maintained an air of haughty reserve, for which everybody felt thankful, though it left his unoffending wife without a woman to speak to, from start to finish.

A gentleman who weighed about sixty created quite a commotion by his arrival. He was evidently a person of importance, as even the discolored little passenger agent, who stood at the foot of the gangway, endeavored to be polite, the stewards rushed wildly about, the captain helped him aboard, and his gout was protected from injury by every possible device. I noticed that the best state-room was placed at his disposal, and that the ship, so to speak, was his. Enquiry developed the fact that he was General Perkins—the Commercial Traveler said he looked more like General Debility—a millionaire broker who for seven or eight seasons had passed the winter at Nassau and was deservedly popular. Poor man, he was a passenger by the steamer on its return trip, but he rode in the hold—in a coffin.

Then there was the woman who served old gentleman with a wife who was not at all nervous but exceedingly determined and uncompromising of visage, accompanied by a middle-aged man who was evidently viewed as a weak vessel. The latter developed later on into a step-son much inclined to become sea sick on the water and to play lawn tennis on land. The former tendency almost immediately deprived us of his society, but his step-mother was on deck in spite of the storms, though at one time she went so far as to express her unlimited disapprobation of the water and admit that she was sick enough to die.

One very interesting group arrived on the wharf in that ample time which denoted a cautious belief in taking time by the forefoot. A tall young lady wearing glasses and an air of well-bred intelligence listened somewhat wearily to an altercation between a small young man with a reticent mustache and a pronounced lisp and the backman. A dark and sombre-looking youth, addicted to cigarettes, and a handsome young woman looked after the baggage while the debate with the backman was in progress. The matter was finally settled by the young man with the lisp paying the driver what he demanded, together with a number of compliments which John resented by calling the young man a "dirty dog," whatever that may mean. He afterwards that the controversial tendency of Mr. Lisp was invariably developed by any demand made upon him for money, and one of his party afterwards confided in me the fact that in financial matters the young gentleman in question, though he had absolutely barrels of money, was "very snug, in fact almost near."

The person who most impressed me I will hereafter refer to as the Lady with the Stockings. She was tall, with a splendid figure, bad complexion, bleached hair and magnificent eyes. I am told that ladies when dressing for an excursion take thought of the possibilities of an accident and sometimes with that event in view wear their good clothes. I mean those clothes which we men do not ordinarily see but which, they imagine, we might see if anything happened. The tall lady with the bleached hair and fine eyes went even further than this. When she came on board she seemed determined that the presence of elegant underwear on her person should be known to the passengers and didn't propose to wait for anything to happen. The difficulties in coming up the gangway were not great, but if I had known that she intended to take such precautions against stepping on her dress I should certainly have looked the other way. Not having been able to avert my gaze in time to escape seeing what was evidently intended to be seen, I had a knowledge of details which a half an hour later enabled me to make comparisons, for, in the meantime she had put on her slippers and a different variety of hose. During the voyage the size and beauty of her stock of stockings and ladies' *et-ceteras* became a matter of wonder to the passengers for, well or ill, she seemed to be engaged in the life work of impressing us with the beauty of her foot. There is no doubt in the world she had come to sea for this purpose, for a ship affords facilities for showing off without appearing to be lacking in modesty.

But it is time for this epistle to stop and the ship to sail. There seems to be no one on the wharf to wave handkerchiefs and to weep farewell. The trim steamer slips from her moorings, past the floating elevator discharging its stream of corn, the white, fleecy hulls of the grain floating about like snow-flakes; we almost graze the big, black ocean freight boat taking on her coal amid a cloud of dust, then we pass the Battery, the statue of Liberty Enlightening the World, and steam on towards Sandy Hook, with every one on deck gazing with more or less coldness on everybody else. A dozen, perhaps two dozen, passengers leaned against the deck-cabins or, robed in rugs, sat shivering by the rail, watching the great city disappear, wondering as they felt the pang of their ailments whether they would ever see those tall, dim buildings and fading spires rise above the horizon again. For everyone was not on pleasure bent on a voyage in search of health or in quest of air that will give new life to diseased lungs is not a hilarious event. Often, I believe, these poor victims go abroad that they may not die on a doctor's hands—sent away to swell the death list of some watering-place physician, whose tombstones are so numerous in the graveyards that one, more or less, does not matter. When I heard their sepulchral coughing and saw that frightful glare in the consumptive eyes I thanked God that at least I was not afflicted with anything likely to kill me. And then—how quickly one's thoughts turn from the sentimental to material things—I wondered how long it would be before dinner was ready, the salt air made me hungry. Next week I will introduce you to some of the nice people at our table. DON.

Bibulous Kentucky Girls.

The Louisville *Commercial* says: The behavior of some of Louisville's belles as a few of the recent suppers given shows how much more liberal society in this city is to-day than it was ten years ago. At that time had these same scenes been enacted the actors would have been tabooed from good society, and considered fast and wild. But to-day it is, if not applauded, at least countenanced, and looked upon as something usual. In fact, it has become more usual than it should. What is referred to is the fact that at several of these suppers several of Louisville's best known girls have imbibed so freely the good wines served that they have had to be helped from the table in the early stages.

At the last of these suppers a scene was witnessed by a few of those present that, to say the least, was disgraceful. In a room of the house that was not supposed to be used, and in which the light was very dim, the following picture was seen:

On a sofa in one corner of the room was a young man well known and respected. He was highly intoxicated, as was his companion, who is a beautiful girl, and even better known than he is. He was leaning back against the end of the sofa, one arm around her waist, her head resting on his shoulder, and her arm around his neck, and both were smoking cigarettes and talking to each other in maudlin voices. They were supposedly friends and everything done to keep the scene quiet, but it has leaked out. Ten years ago the telling of this story would have stirred the social river to its very depth, but to-day it will barely cause a gentle ripple to ruffle the surface.

Two Womanly Women.

One was perhaps 25, the other a little younger. They were pretty, and were stylishly dressed. A carriage stood at the Fourteenth street entrance of Willard's Hotel, awaiting their pleasure. It could not be supposed that they were in very distressful financial straits.

They sat at a table in the reception room of Willard's, devising, concocting, and instituting a telegraphic message to send some friend. The elder one did the writing, and scratching, and rewriting, which used up six or seven Western Union blanks. The younger one leaned closely over the scrivener and furnished suggestions at just the right time to make the scrivener tear up blanks.

"We will be there to-morrow."

That was what they wanted to say. That was what they did say in the very first writing.

"But," said the younger, "if we say we are coming home we shall both have to sign it."

"Carrie and I will be there to-morrow."

That was the result of much mental effort spent in composing and much physical exertion spent in erasing.

"I guess that will do," said the younger, and the two seemed to breathe with that freedom which tells of great responsibilities unshouldered.

"Hold on," said the elder, at the door.

"What?" asked the other.

"Carrie and I will be there to-morrow. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven—only seven words."

"Well?"

"Why, we have to pay as much for seven words as we do for ten."

Here was more difficulty. It would never do to pay for seven words and send only seven. That would be a reckless and a wicked waste. They proposed many ways to lengthen it, but each time they talked off a new message on their fingers they found they had either too few or too many words.

"Pshaw!" said the younger one; "why didn't I think of it before. I have it."

"Have you? Have you?"

"Why, of course. Leave it just as it is and add 'Yours, very truly.'"

If the young lady had had an inspiration she could not have looked prouder of it; and as for the older one, she simply looked on the sweet face before her as that of a wonderful being.

"Carrie and I will be there to-morrow. Yours, very truly," was the message that went through some operator's hands yesterday afternoon.

A LIFE SENTENCE

OUR "FAMILY HERALD" SERIES. ALL RIGH'S RESERVED.

CHAPTER XXVII.—CONTINUED.

She did not answer; she seemed to be thinking deeply. After a long silence she looked at him rather wistfully, and asked another question.

"You said she did not love you. Was that true?"

"I believe so."

"Then why does she want to marry you?" There was something childlike in Cynthia's one.

"I don't think she does; I think it is only er uncle's wife who has been trying to bring about a marriage between us; and perhaps it was my conviction that this marriage would never come about which made me less careful than I might have been. Assuredly I never intended to tell you what I told you last night."

"But I am glad you did," said Cynthia, almost inaudibly. Then she put her hand on Hubert's arm, and looked at him with a soft and beautiful expression in her large dark eyes.

"I am glad, because it will make life easier for me to know that you care for me. Now I want you to listen to me for a few moments. From what you say, I think that this girl is weak in health, an orphan, and not perhaps very happy in her home? Yes, that is so—is it not? Do you think that I would for a moment rob her of what might make all her happiness? You say that she does not care for you. But you may be mistaken; you know you thought that—that I did not care either. You must wait for her, and see what will happen at the end of the two years. If she claims you then—well, it will be for you to decide whether you will marry her; but I shall not marry you unless she gives you up of her own free will. And, if she does—and if you care for me still—"

"Then you will be my wife!"—Cynthia paused.

"Then," she said slowly—"then you may, if you like, ask me again. But then you will perhaps remember that I am a nobody—that I was born in a cottage and educated at a charity school—that I—that I—" No, I can't tell you my history now—don't ask me; if you love me at all, don't ask me that! I will tell you—I promise you—before I marry you, if ever—at the end of half a century—you ask me again."

She was weeping in his arms—she, the brilliant, joyous successful woman, with a life of distinction opening out before her, with spirits and courage that never failed, with beauty and gifts that were capable of charming all the world—weeping like a child, and in need of comfort like a child. What could he do?

"My darling, my own darling," he said, "I cannot bear to hear you speak so! Do you doubt my love for you, Cynthia? Tell me nothing but what you please; I shall never ask you a question—never desire to know more than what you choose to tell. And in two years—— Oh, what can I say? Marry me to-morrow, Cynthia, my dearest, and let everything else go by!"

"And despise you ever after for yielding to my weakness!" she said, checking her tears. "Do you think I could bear you to lower yourself for my sake? No; you shall keep your word to her—to the woman, whoever she may be, who has your word. But I—I have your heart."

She sent him away from her then with proud but gentle words, caressing him, flattering him, after the fashion of women with those they love, but inexorably determined that he should keep his word. For she had a strong sense of honor and honesty; she would not bear to think that he could be false to any one who trusted him. It was weighing heavily on her own conscience that she had deceived him once.

Hubert left her with his senses in a whirl. He knew, as he said, that he had been weak; but Cynthia's beauty intoxicated him. And for her determination, her courage, he would have failed to keep up even the appearance of faith with Ella—he would have been utterly careless of Ella's trust in him. But this decision Cynthia was resolved not to permit. It was strange to see what nobleness of mind and generosity of feeling existed beneath her light and careless demeanor; and, while these characteristics humiliated her lover, they filled him with genuine pride and admiration. She was not a woman to be lightly wooed and won; she was worthy of respect, even of reverence. And, as he thought of her, his heart burned with anger against the innocent girl at Beechfield who had dared to speak of this noble woman with something very like contempt.

Cynthia was glad that she had no public engagement for that evening. She was invited to go with Madame della Scala to a large party; but she pleaded a headache, and begged to be allowed to stay at home. Madame scolded her playfully, but did not oppose her whim; she was sufficiently proud of her pupil and housemate to let her take her own way—a practical compliment for which Cynthia was grateful.

When the old lady had gone, Cynthia returned to her favorite rose lighted sitting-room, and sank somewhat languidly into a lounging-chair. She had forbidden Hubert to return to her that night—she had said that she wanted to be alone; and now she was half inclined to repent her own peremptoriness. "I might have let him come just once," she said to herself. "I shall not allow him to come often, or to be anything but a friend to me; but I feel lonely tonight. It is foolish of me to be depressed. A month ago I should have thought myself happy indeed if I could have known that he loved me; and now I am more miserable than ever. I suppose it is the influence of that other girl—mean, jealous, miserable wretch that I am! But I will not be mean or jealous any longer. He has promised himself to her, and he shall keep his word."

She was started from these reflections by the sound of a tap at the door, followed by the entrance of a maid whose office it was specially to attend on Miss West.

"If you please, miss," she said, in a low and rather confidential tone, "if you please, there's a—a person at the door that asks to see you."

"If it is late for visitors," said Cynthia, "lady, Mary?"

"No, miss."

"A gentleman? I do not see gentlemen, when Madame is out, at this hour of the night. It is late o'clock. Tell him to come to-morrow."

"I did, miss. He said to-morrow wouldn't do. He asked me to mention 'Beechfield' to you, miss, and say that he came from America."

"Old or young, Mary?" The color was leaving Cynthia's face.

"Old, miss. He has white hair and black eyes, and looks like a sort of superior workingman.

Cynthia deliberated. Mary watched her in silence, and then made a low-voiced suggestion.

"There's cook's young man in the kitchen, miss, and he's a policeman. Shall I ask him to step up to the front and tell the man to move on?"

"Oh, no, no!" said Cynthia, suddenly shrinking. "I will see the man, Mary. I think that perhaps he knows a place—some people that I used to know."

There was a sort of terror in her face. Mary turned reluctantly to the door.

"Shall I come in too, or shall I stand in the passage?"

"Neither," said Cynthia, with a little laugh. "Go down to your supper, Mary, and I will manage the visitor. Show him in here."

She seemed so composed once more that Mary was reassured. The girl went back to the hall door, and Cynthia rose to her feet with the look of one who was nerving herself for some terrible ordeal. She kept her eyes upon the door; but, when the visitor appeared, they were so dim with agitation that she could hardly see the face or the features of the man whom Mary decorously announced as:

"Mr. Reuben Dare."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Cynthia looked round at her visitor with a sort of timidity which she did not often exhibit. He was apparently about sixty years of age, broad-shouldered and muscularly built, but with a stiffness of gait which seemed to be either the result of chronic rheumatism or of an accident which had partially disabled him. His face was brown, his eyes were dark and bright; but his hair and beard were almost white, although his eyebrows had not a grizzled tint. He was roughly but respectably dressed, and looked like a prosperous yeoman or an artisan of the better class. Cynthia glanced at him keenly, then seemed to gain confidence, and asked him to sit down. The visitor obeyed; but Cynthia continued standing, with her hands on the back of a heavy chair.

"Mr. Reuben Dare?" she said at length, as the old man did not speak.

"Come straight from Amerikey," said he—he sat bolt-upright on his chair, and looked at the girl with a steady interest and curiosity which almost embarrassed her—"and promised to look you up as soon as I got over here. Can you guess who 'twas I promised, missy?"

Cynthia grew first red and then white.

"No," she said; "I am not sure that I can."

"Is there nobody belonging to you that you haven't heard of for years and years?"

"Yes," said Cynthia; "I think perhaps there is."

"A man," said Mr. Reuben Dare, leaning forward with his hands on his knees and trying to subdue his rather harsh voice to quietness—"a man as was related to you maybe?"

"If you will say what you mean, I think I can answer you better," said Cynthia.

"Do you think I am going to say what I mean until I know what sort of a young woman you are, and how you'll take the news I bring you?" said the man.

With a somewhat savage and truculent air he drew his eyebrows down over his eyes as he spoke; but there was a touch of uneasiness in it as well—of stirred emotion, of doubt, of troubled feeling—which dissipated Cynthia's fears at once. She left the chair which she had been grasping with one hand, and came closer to her visitor.

"I see that you are afraid to trust me," she said quickly. "You think that perhaps I am hard and worldly, and do not want to have anything to do with my relatives! That is not true. You are thinking of someone who was my father perhaps. As long as I was a child—a mere girl—I did not think much about him; I never believed that he was good, but I thought he was kind, and that I had better not interfere. When I was independent and beginning to think for myself about six months ago—I found out what I might have done. Shall I go on to tell you what I did?"

"Yes, yes—go on!" The man's voice was husky; his wrinkled hand trembled as it lay upon his knee. He watched the girl's face with hungry eyes.

"I wrote to the Governor of the prison," said Cynthia, "and told him that I was sorry that discovered—having been such a child—I could write to my father or see him at regular intervals, and that I would like to do so from time to time. He asked me in return how it was that an intimation—which had been forwarded, I believe, to certain persons interested in the welfare—of my father's fate had not been given to me. My father had, by a desperate effort, succeeded in escaping from Portland; he had never been recaptured; and, from certain information received, the authorities believed that he was dead. He added however that he had a slight suspicion that Andrew Westwood had thrown dust into the eyes of the police, had left the country, and was not dead at all."

"And begged you to communicate with the authorities if you heard from him, I suppose?"

"No; he did not go so far as that to the man's own daughter," said Cynthia calmly. "And it would, of course, have been useless if he had."

"Why—why?"

"Because," said the girl, her lips suddenly trembling and her eyes filling with tears—"because I love my father, and would do anything in the world for him if he would let me. Do you not tell me where he is? I would give all I have to see him once again!"

Reuben Dare fidgeted on his chair, and half turned his face away. Then, without meeting her eager tearful eyes, he replied half uneasily—

"The governor was right. He got away—away to America."

"Oh, then he is living still? He is well?"

"Oh, yes—he's living, and well enough! He hasn't done so badly neither. He got some land and 'struck lie,' as they say in America; and, living under another name, and nobody knowing about him—he—well, he's had fair luck."

"And you come from him—you are a friend of his? Did he want to hear of me?"

"Yes, missy, he did. But he would scarce ha' known you if he'd met you in the street—you, grown so tall and handsome and dressed so fine. It was your name as gave him the clue—'Cynthia'—'Cynthia West'; for he read in the papers about your singing at concerts, and he says to himself, 'Why, that my gal's sure enough; and she hain't forgotten her mother's name!'"

"Go on!" said Cynthia quickly.

"Go on! What do you mean?" asked Reuben Dare, a little suspiciously. "There's nothing more to say, is there? And he asked me to make inquiries while I was in England—that was all."

"Oh, no, that was not all!" said Cynthia, drawing nearer and holding out her hands a little, like one under hypnotic influence, fascinated by a power over which she had no control. "I can tell you the rest. He told me the thought of his child, and the more he remembered how she used to love him and trust in him, the more he felt that he could not stay away from her; and so, although the risk was great—terrible—he determined to come back to England and see with his own eyes whether she was well and well. And when he saw her"—there was a sob in her voice—"he said to himself that perhaps after all she was a hard unfeeling creature who had forgotten him, or a wicked treacherous woman who would betray her own father, and that he would go away back to America and never see her again, forgetting to ask whether she had not a heart and a memory too, and whether it might not be that she had loved him all her life, and whether she was not longing to fall upon his neck and kiss his dear face and tell him that she had wanted a father for many, many years, and had kept a place for him, believes in him, loves him with all her heart! Oh, father, father!"—and Cynthia lay sobbing on his breast.

She had thrown herself impulsively on her knees beside him; her arms were round his neck, and he was covering her face with kisses. He did not answer her; perhaps he did think that the truth—that he was indeed her father—the man who had been condemned to death, and whom she had believed until this moment to be in America, if still indeed alive; but neither did he try to prove the fact. He sat still, with his arms round her, and—to her surprise—the tears running down his cheeks as freely as they were running down her own. She looked up at him at last and smiled rather piteously in his face.

"Dear father," she said, "and have you come all this way and run into so much danger just to see me?"

"Yes, I have, Cynthy," said the man who called himself Reuben Dare. "I said to myself, I can't get on any longer without seeing her any way. If that's my girl that sings—as her mother did before her—I shall know her in a trice. But, bless you, my girl, I didn't—not till you began to speak! And then 'twas just like your mother."

"Am I so much altered?" said Cynthia, wistfully.

"As much as you ought to be, my beauty, and no more. You ain't like the skinny little bit of a thing that ran wild round Beechfield lanes; but then you don't want to be. You're a good deal like your mother; but she was more as dark as you. And, being so different, you see, I thought you might be different in yourself—not ready to acknowledge your father as belonging to you at all maybe; and so I left you with a message first and see what you said to that."

"You are altered too, father."

"Yes, my deary, I'm altered too. Hain't I had enough to alter me? Injustice and oppression have almost broke my heart, and ague and fever's taken the strength out o' my limbs, and a knock I got in the States three years ago has nigh crippled me. I'm a broken-down man, with only strength left for one thing—and that's to curse the hard-hearted ruffian, whoever he was, that spoiled my life for me and thought to hang me by the neck or shut me up in prison for the rest of my days. If ever I could come across him, I'd do my best to make him suffer as I have suffered. I pray God night and day that He'll let me see that rascal on his knees to me yet before I die!"

His voice had grown loud and fierce, his eyes shone beneath the shaggy eyebrows, his hand shook as he raised it to call down vengeance on the man who had left him to his fate. Cynthia trembled in spite of her love for him—the tones, the look, brought back memories which made her feel that her father was in a great many ways unchanged, and that the wild lawless nature of the man might be suppressed but never utterly subdued. She did not feel the slightest abatement of her love for him on this account; but it suddenly made her aware of the dangers and difficulties of his position, and aroused her fears for his safety, even in that house.

"Father," she said, "are you sure that nobody will remember you?"

Westwood laughed harshly.

"They're not likely to know me," he said. "I've taken care to change my looks since then; and, by a sudden movement of his hand, he showed her that his black mustache were all fictitious, and that beneath the silvery exterior there grew a scantier crop of sparse gray hair and whiskers which revealed his former appearance much more clearly to his daughter's mind.

"Oh, don't take them off!" she cried. "Somebody may come in—the door is not locked! At another time, dear father, you will show me your real face, will you not?"

He looked at her with a mingling of pride and sorrow in his glance.

"And you ain't wanting me to be found out then—you don't want to give me up to the police?"

"Father, how can you think of such a thing!"

"Some women-folks would think of it, my girl. But you—you're fond of your father still, Cynthy!"

She answered by taking his rough hand in her own and kissing it tenderly.

"And you don't believe I killed Mr. Vane down at Beechfield—eh, Cynthy? Because, if you believe it, you know you and me had better part without more words about it. Least said, soonest mended."

"I do not believe it—I never did!" said Cynthia proudly.

"On your word and honor and Bible oath, Cynthia?"

"On my word and honor and on my Bible oath, father," she said, repeating the words because she saw that he attached especial importance to the formula, "I never believed and never will believe that you were guilty of Sydney Vane's murder! My father"—she said it as proudly as if he had been a royal prince—"was never capable of a base and wicked deed!"

"It's her mother's voice," murmured the man, raising his hand to his eyes, as if to shut out the sight of the young girl's face and to abstract himself from everything but the sound, and it's her mother's trust in me! Cynthy, my dear, what do you know o' your father to make you so ready to stand by him?" There was a great and an unaccustomed tenderness in his tone. "I'm a common man, and I've spent years of my life in gaol, and I was a tramp and a poacher—I won't deny it—in the older days, and before that—well, before that, I was a gamekeeper on a big estate—turned away in disgrace, my dear, because my master's daughter fell in love with me. You never heard that before, did you?—though any one would guess that you didn't come of a common stock! Wetherall was her name—Cynthia Wetherall of Bingley Park, in Gloucestershire. There are relatives of hers living there still; but they don't acknowledge me—they never did—anything to do with you, Cynthia, my girl. I married her and took her away wi' me; and for twelve blessed months we were as happy as the day was long; and then she died." He paused a little, and caressed Cynthia's head with his hand. "You're like her, my dear. But I'm only a low common sort o' man that's sunk lower and lower since the day she died; and you've no call to trust me unless you feel inclined—and I'm the very least. If you say you don't quite believe my word, my pretty, I'll not cut up rough—I'll just go away quiet, and never trouble you any more."

"Father," said Cynthia, "listen to me one moment. We were separated when I was only eleven years old; but don't you think that in eleven years I could learn something of your real disposition—your true nature? I thought of her how you used to care for me, how tender and kind you were to me, although you might perhaps seem gloomy and stern to all the world beside. I remember your bringing home a dog with a broken leg, and nursing it till it was cured. You had pets of all kinds—birds, beasts, flowers. You never did a cruel thing in your life; and how could I think, then, that you would lie in wait to kill a man out of mere spite and revenge—a man, too, who was a father a child—a little girl like me? I knew you better, father, all the time!"

Westwood shook his head doubtfully.

"Maybe you're right," he said, "and maybe wrong. I've seen rough deeds done in my day, and never lifted a hand to interfere. I won't deny but what I did lie in wait for Mr. Vane that very afternoon—but with no thought of murder in my mind. I meant to tell him what my opinion was of him, and of his ways, and there was carryings-on that I didn't approve of; and it's my belief in those very carryings-on lies the key of the mystery. I've thought it all out in prison, slow-like—at nights when I lay in bed, and days when I was hewing stone. I won't tell you the story, my pretty; it ain't fit for the likes of you. But there was a woman mixed up in it; and, if there was any man who had rights over the woman—sweetheart or husband, brother or father—he knew well enough what you and me should look for the real murderer of Sydney Vane."

"Can't we do anything, father? Won't you tell me the whole story?"

"Not now, my girl; I must be going."

"Where are you going, father? Will you be in a safe place?"

"Quite safe, my dear—quite safe! Nobody would know me in this guise, would they? I'm at No. 119 Isabella Street, Camden Town—quite a little out-o'-the-way place—just the sort to suit a quiet respectable-looking man like me." He gave vent to a grim little chuckle as he went on. "They don't know who they've got hold of, do they? Maybe they wouldn't be quite so pleased if they did."

"May I come and see you there, father?"

"Well, my girl, I think not. Such a—a splendid-looking sort of a party as you've turned out coming to visit me would make people talk. And we don't want people to talk, do we? Isn't there any quiet spot where you and me could meet and walk out a bit? Kensington Gardens maybe, or Regent's Park?"

Cynthia thought that Kensington Gardens would be quiet enough in the morning for their purpose, and it was agreed that they should meet there the next day at noon.

"My disguise was so perfect that he did not attempt to seclude himself during the day.

"And then," he said, "we can talk about you coming over to Amerikey, and living happy and quiet somewhere with me."

"Oh, I can't leave England!" said Cynthia, with a sudden little sob. "Don't ask me, father; I can't possibly go away."

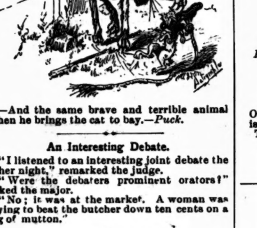
He looked at her keenly and scrutinizingly for a moment, and then he said—

"That means that you've got a reason for wanting to stop in England. That means that you've got a sweetheart—a lover, my pretty—and that you won't leave him. I know the ways of women well enough. I don't want to breze from you, my girl; but I hope that he's worthy of the woman you've grown to be. Tell me his name."

(To be Continued.)

We Call Him "Anarchist."

My brave and terrible dog while he is chasing the neighbor's cat.



—And the same brave and terrible animal when he brings the cat to bay.—*Puck.*

An Interesting Debate.

"I listened to an interesting joint debate the other night," remarked the judge.

"Were the debaters prominent orators?" asked the man.

"No; it was at the market. A woman was trying to beat the butcher down ten cents on a leg of mutton."

Comparisons are Odious!

A Russian paper makes the following ungallant comparisons: "Ladies," it says, "in their childhood resemble water; as girls of 12 to 15, lemonade; as young persons from 18 to 25, champagne; as women of 25 to 40, liqueur! A woman from 40 to 50 years of age is equal to home-made port wine; after 50 most ladies turn to vinegar!"

Female Diplomacy.

Mr. Gowing—May I escort you home, Miss Cumming?

Miss Cumming—I promised ma I would not allow any one to walk home with me—but here comes a car.—*Puck.*

Airy Nothings.

The path of glory nowadays is the cinder track.

There are some things a dwarf can't do, but he can catch just as big a cold as a giant.

Amateur Sportsman (who has just missed a snipe)—Ah, well! live and let live is my motto.

Editor—I really don't know whether you intended to be funny or otherwise. Author (inspired)—Can't you use it in your puzzle column, then?

Smithers (reading sign)—Hands off. The poor idiots! Do they think any one could look at that statue and not know the hands were off!

Level means flat, yet the man who would feel flattered to be called level-headed, would object strongly to being called flat-headed. Odd, isn't it?

"Please follow my copy," the spring poet said, "It's a trifling boon I ask, I don't ask much."
The veteran printer shook sadly his head.
"No, I cannot get into my waste-basket."

"You look as if you had been kissed by a breeze from the Wild North Land," said a poetic young lady to a pretty friend, whose cheeks were glowing with color.

"Oh, no!" was the laughing reply; "it was only a soft heir from Mashkoka."

"Pa, can I go to the circus?" inquired Johnny Snaggs. "No, sir," said Mr. Snaggs, warmly; "no son of mine shall go where his father would be ashamed to be seen. If I catch you there——" Here Mr. Snaggs bit his lip and broke off suddenly.

Fair Yachtswoman (enthusiastically)—Was ever anything more delightful? The air so fresh and sweet; the sky so clear and blue. Could anything make one feel brighter or livelier? Old Salt (dogmatically)—Aye, aye, mum, the furst mate with a rope's end."

"Why do you put 'try a Modjeska shine' on your sign?" asked a New Yorker as the Boston bootblack vigorously manipulated the brush. "Why Modjeska?"

"The boy looked thoughtfully up into his patron's face as he remarked: "Isn't Modjeska a Polish actress, boss?"

Mrs. Makeshow—My dear Mrs. Domuch, I am collecting clothing for Mrs. Black, who is in great distress. She has four small children, and, I am told, is quite deserving.

Mrs. Domuch, going to her drawer, brings out some garments and presents them.

Mrs. Makeshow—Dear me, you don't mean to give such garments as those to poor Mrs. Black, who, they have really some wear in them yet. Haven't you something that is of no use?

Conserving His Employer's Interests.

"I hope you try to pay business, John, even after office hours," said a coal dealer to his clerk.

"I do, sir," replied John. "I call upon a different girl every night, and never leave before twelve o'clock."

Not Western Beef.

Fair Customer—Is this Western beef?

Eastern Butcher (proudly)—No, madam; we don't sell ill-mannered steers from the rowdy West. This beef, madam, is from a highly cultivated and very refined cow, formerly of Boston.—*N. Y. Weekly.*

Venerable Butter.

It is said that butter was unknown to the ancients. If some that we bought the other day was not known to the ancients, then we are no judge of what constitutes age.

Storm Proof.

"Did you hear that dreadful storm last night?"

"No, I didn't."

"What! Then you were not in town, I suppose!"

"Yes, but I spent the evening at my friend B's; he had company, and they talked politics all the time."

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THE STORY OF AN ERROR

By the Author of "His Wedded Wife," "A Fatal Dower," "Barbara," "Ladybird's Penitence," "Bunchie," "A Foolish Marriage," etc.

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CHAPTER XXXIII.

The fair April sunshine was peeping softly in through the lace hangings of the pretty octagon room where somewhat less than a year since Francis Ashton had imparted to Lady Beacham the news of his cousin's engagement to Stanley Gerant.

There was a fragrant wood fire burning on the hearth; the quaint white and yellow room was looking its prettiest as its mistress entered it on the morning after her return from Algiers. Her favorite chair was drawn up near the hearth; her husband's eyes smiled at her from out the chased silver frame on the writing table; there were lovely yellow daffodils in the gilded baskets, which, if less fragrant than her favorite Marechal Niel roses, were hardly less sweet and spring-like. Laura Cameron had a knot of them fastened in the belt of her white morning gown.

She was dressed with her usual care and perfect taste, and only a very close observer would have detected any change in her beautiful face during the last few months; but the change was there, and, as she sank into her chair, it became more apparent in the somewhat restless look in the eyes and the upward curve of the beautiful mouth. She sighed too as she sat down and let her beautiful head sink back upon the cushions of her chair with an air of lassitude.

She had won the desire of her heart—for four months she had been the wife of Hugh Cameron. She had wealth, luxury, station, but she was not happy: the curse of "granted desires" was upon her, and she was restless, ill at ease, and miserable.

And yet Hugh was the most attentive and devoted of husbands, gentle and tender with her, studying her wishes, her comfort, always before her eyes, loading her with the gratifying her every desire. If he had loved her madly he could not have been more devoted; nay, to observer, however critical, it would have imagined for a moment that he did not so love her. Only she herself knew the bitter truth; and, proud and passionate as she was, the one love she had ever felt, the thought that he did not love her was an ever-present anguish to her.

For a few brief weeks she had been happy—wildly, deliriously happy; she had faith in her wondrous beauty, which had never failed her yet, she had confidence in her charms and in her love. Hugh was so tender, so grateful to her, so unremitting in his devotion, that it was only after a time that the chill conscousness came over that he would never love her as he had loved—as perhaps he did love—the woman who had spurned and rejected him. One or two passionate scenes of tendresse and reproach, had followed this discovery—scenes which Hugh had borne patiently, and which had left her exhausted almost to faintness before she awakened to the folly of such recriminations. Then she grew calmer, and tried with all her power to win the love of the man she had married. He was not ungrateful, and he understood her; nay, his very consciousness of the wrong he had done her in making her an unloved wife made him doubly tender and unceasingly careful lest he should betray him-self. But she had been loved fervently and passionately, and she saw his effort; and there were times when it maddened her. There were moments, too, when his very tenderness seemed to stab her as she recalled her sins against him—the telegram sent at her instance, which had caused the breaking off of his engagement, the letters from Stanley and from Sir Humphrey which she had intercepted and suppressed during his illness and dependence upon her—and when she was tempted, in her despairing love, to throw herself at his feet and confess the truth.

Even Mr. Cameron and Lady Sara were deceived by Hugh's manner to his wife and his constant unvarying tenderness; they recognized her charm, her great beauty, and her love for Hugh, and thought that she had really healed the wound Stanley had inflicted—and they were grateful to her for it. Only Nest was doubtful. Hugh, when alone with his aunt, was not so careful as when they were all together, and she had known through the housekeeper at Brancepeth of his visit to Elton on Christmas Eve, and guessed what had been its object.

They had returned from Algiers, and were to spend the season in London. Lady Sara and Miss Cameron went back to Brancepeth, the former greatly improved in health since she had no longer to live in perpetual fear of her son discovering the truth which had darkened her life; and Mr. Cameron, who was detained in London by parliamentary business, was staying at Queen Anne's Gate. Laura had begged him to stop with them in Park Lane; but he had refused.

"Young people are better alone," he said; "besides, you will be plunging into a vortex of gaiety, and I should be in your way. But I will often come in, if you will allow me, and have tea with you in the octagon room. Nest raves about; and perhaps sometimes you and Hugh will come and rest for a few days at Brancepeth."

So Hugh and his wife returned alone to the pretty home near the park; and the *Morning Post* duly chronicled the fact among its other items of fashionable intelligence.

Laura was alone this morning. Hugh had left her for a few hours on business connected with the stables; he was anxious that Mr. Cameron's equipages should be at least as perfect in their appointments as Lady Beacham's had been. He had left her with a kiss and an injunction to rest.

"You look pale, Laura," he had said as he went away.

She was thinking of that kiss now as she sat by the fire.

"It was not as warm as it would have been to Nest!" she was saying to herself, when the door opened and a servant announced Mr. Ashton.

Laura opened her lips to utter a refusal, but her visitor had followed the servant into the room and stood bowing before her.

"I have ventured to assume the privileges I used to enjoy," he said quietly. "I thought I had a right as we were old friends before, but now we are related, you know."

"I am pleased to see you," she faltered. For once her self-possession had failed her, for there was a look in his eyes which she had never seen then, if, and before which she quailed—it was so cold, so menacing—although he was smiling and holding out his hand to her. A sudden sense of foreboding chilled her.

The servant had left the room, closing the door carefully after him, and the silken portiere fell into its place again. Laura turned rather nervously to the fire, and bent towards it as if she were cold.

"I hope you will excuse so early an intrusion," he continued, coming forward and standing by the hearth. "I have been wishing to congratulate you ever since I saw the announcement of your marriage in the *Times*. You did not give me the opportunity of tendering it myself, so I was obliged to take the very first which presented itself. I am afraid," he added, looking at her with cold critical eyes, "that your journey has tired you greatly. You do not look very fit this morning. What is Hugh thinking of that he does not take better care of his wife?"

She had sunk into her chair again white and trembling, and vainly trying to recover her composure. There had always been a feeling of fear in her heart at the thought of meeting this man; but she had counted on his love for her, or rather, she had endeavored to persuade herself that she could so count. But she had always felt in her heart that he had never intended that the conspiracy they had entered into, although it had for its nominal object the breaking off of Stanley's engagement, and therefore of procuring Hugh's freedom, should end in his becoming her husband. She guessed that Francis Ashton had believed in Stanley's faithfulness, and that he had hoped that she—Laura—would yield to his love for her when she had found it impossible to win Hugh. She had concealed the fact of Hugh's presence in her house during his illness from Ashton, who had been abroad with his mother at the time and had only returned to England for Christmas, although she had corresponded with him with tolerable regularity during his absence. He had written her a few lines of congratulation to Algiers; but somehow the cold suavity of his words she had read something which had made her uneasy, even as now, under his polished manner, she read scorn and the anger he really felt. She knew that her hold upon Hugh Cameron depended on his faith in her love for him. If he ever discovered that she had plotted against him, that Frank had betrayed that sad secret at her instance, that she had suppressed his letters which would have renewed his engagement, she knew that he would never forgive her. It had all seemed so easy to her at the time, it almost appeared as if every circumstance had been ordered to assist her in her plans.

Surely Providence had intervened! she thought sometimes. It was so strange that she should have been driving by when Hugh, leaving the railway station, had swooned in the street; and when his letters were forwarded to her house from the club, it was so easy, so fatally easy to suppress those two the handwriting, crest, and postmark of which she had recognized. And this fatal facility, which had helped her to achieve the object she had in view, had failed her on its attainment; and she began to fear that the obstacle she had disdained was a real hand. Perhaps, if she had married Hugh Cameron for any other reason than that great love which had so impelled her, she might not have cared for detection. She was his wife; his name, his station, his wealth, were hers now; but she had married him for one single reason. She loved him; she had obeyed the impulses of her own undisciplined heart, and she had won him; but her success had given her no real happiness yet, only remorse and in pain; perhaps in the future it would bring her anguish and grief.

"You are neither looking well nor, I grieve to say, happy," said Mr. Ashton, calmly, remaining standing on the rug because it gave him a better view of her face than he would have obtained had he been seated. "But of course a long journey is trying. You will forgive me for coming at so terribly early an hour will you not? I was so anxious to see you and to congratulate you personally on the success of our little conspiracy! It succeeded admirably—did it not? Better than I had expected! Much better!" he added, emphatically.

She had regained a semblance of calmness now; but she did not dare to trust herself to speak. She had lost all her color, and the smile which she had forced to her lips had died away.

"I wrote you to the Villa Franca," he went on; "but your marriage came upon us all rather as a surprise, and my mother was quite seriously angry with Hugh. He could not that kept us, his nearest relatives, in ignorance of his happiness!"

"He was ill, you know," she said faintly; "and you and Lady Marion were abroad."

"We returned to England in December," he replied calmly; "but, for some reason or other, my mother was kept in ignorance of Hugh's illness and Miss Cameron's presence here. She cannot understand it even now; but" he paused and looked significantly at her—"I can."

"We were in such distress and anxiety," she faltered; "and Hugh wished the wedding to be very quiet. Nest was the only person present."

"Your anxiety must have been a thing of the past long before the wedding," he observed, with a sneer. "Was Hugh afraid that Miss Gerant would interpose to stop the ceremony, or were you afraid that I should do so?"

"That would have been truly absurd," she said, smiling, "when it was to you I owed my happiness."

The answer confounded him for a moment. She saw his confusion, and gained courage from the fact.

"Of course I owe it all to you!" she said. "But for you, my husband would have been Stanley Gerant's long before this."

He was silent for a moment, and stood looking steadily at her.

"And my disinterested efforts have been rewarded!" he queried at last. "You are happy?"

"Yes; I am very happy!"

"You do not look so," he replied coldly; "but appearances are always deceptive. And I hear that Hugh, who ought to be in the seventh heaven, looks more like a man condemned to death than one who has married the woman of his choice."

She shrank back a little and her hand trembled. He saw that he had touched a vulnerable point.

"I forgot," he went on calmly, "you are not the woman of his choice. It must be rather an unpleasant reflection that he passed you over once, and that it was only when the girl he loved jilted him that he came to you. I wonder what he would say if he knew the truth—if he knew whose hand had been instrumental in destroying his happiness? Suppose I inform him?"

A low cry of terror escaped her lips.

"You would not dare!" she said wildly. "He would kill you!"

Francis Ashton laughed.

"Did he feel it so much as that?" he asked, with a sneer. "How galling for you! He would kill me, would he? I doubt it! Neither do I think he would kill you, Laura; he would only hate and despise you."

"You would not tell him?" she gasped, shuddering with horror at the mere thought; while he looked at her with a cold, passionless, pitiless face.

He had loved her; but now he hated her. She had deceived him, played with him, and she had cost him his honor. He had told himself sometimes when he planned his revenge, that if she had not deceived him, he would have been willing to see her happy. But the mistrust she had shown had emulsified the secret she had confided about her engagement and marriage had angered him, and he had vowed to revenge himself upon her. She had made him love her to ruin her, and kill—he had become so more for his own sake perhaps than hers; but he chose to lay the blame upon her; and now he resolved to pay her back in her own coin.

"It is just as well we should understand each other," he went on, in his cold passionless manner. "You know, did you not, that I loved you, and that, when I offered you my assistance to break off my cousin's engagement, I could hardly have done so in order to give you to him! I am not magnanimous; I am only human—and male humanity is selfish. I will confess that I thought more of myself than of you. You were in trouble, I offered to help you, not because I thought there was any chance of my assistance really being required, but because I wanted to win your gratitude—and then yourself."

"Oh, why recall all this!" she interposed piteously. "It is too late! Even if I would undo the past I could not!"

"Would you if you could?" he asked unseemingly. "You have attained your heart's desire, perhaps it will be your fate now to know what misery granted desires can bring."

He leaned his elbow against the mantelpiece, and looked down upon her with his keen, cold, pitiless glance.

"I believed in the strength of Stanley Gerant's love," he said coldly; "and my belief was well-founded. My telegram gave them both suffering, doubtless; but, as I believed, both Sir Humphrey and his daughter would have overcome the pain caused by Hugh's birth, only that you took very good care that he should not know they were willing to do so."

He spoke very deliberately, without averting his eyes from her face; and her expression of abject terror assured him that his suspicions were well-founded.

"The secretary of Hugh's club is a great friend of mine," he went on. "He thought it somewhat strange that Sir Humphrey Gerant should write to him to know if Mr. Cameron's letters had been forwarded, and he mentioned the circumstance to me. It did not appear so strange to me as it did to him, because I had a clue to the mystery in your secret marriage. I believed that Stanley Gerant's constancy would bear the test to which we put it; I believed that such a secret stain as the one we disclosed would make no difference to her; and I thought that, finding your cause hopeless, you would, after a time, accept my love. You remember our compact was that you should use every effort to win my cousin from his allegiance before forcing me to play our hand card! I believe you did so. You drove him from Combermere, and you did your best to make his *fiancee* jealous; but you failed."

She tried to speak, but could not. Her lips trembled; her hands shook like the leaves of the aspen tree.

"Poor Hugh," said Francis Ashton, with a shrug of his shoulders—"what a sad awakening is before him! Whether he loves you or not, he trusts you, I suppose."

She sprang to her feet and seized his arm with both her hands.

"Pity," she murmured wildly—"pity! You will not tell him—you will not! Ah, it would be more merciful to kill me!"

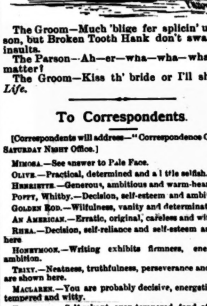
"And for that reason I will not do so," he answered, with his pitiless smile. "Death, mourned by your husband, would be indeed happiness to the fear which cannot fail to haunt you that he will discover your treachery!"

"He cannot," she cried, "unless you betray me! And you will not—oh, Frank, you will not! I know that I am in your power!" she went on brokenly, her voice quivering with passionate emotion. "Be pitiful to me! You loved me once!"

"That plea is not a wise one," he said, coldly and calmly. "You loved Hugh, and you were pitiless to him, and pitiless to the poor child who loved him with all her heart. The pity you gave to them I will give you! Ah," he continued, his voice changing a little as, still clinging to his arm, she sank at his feet, her face raised to his face appealingly, "I have suffered so terribly myself that your suffering does not touch me, except insmuch as it seems to relieve my own pain—my own pain!"

(To be Continued.)

On the Plains.



The Groom—Much 'blige fer splicin' us, parson, but Broken Tooth Hank don't swaller no insults.

The Parson—Ah—er—wha—wha—what's the matter?

The Groom—Kiss th' bride or I'll shoot!—*Life.*

To Correspondents.

[Correspondents will address—"Correspondence Column," Saturday Night Office.]

Minora.—See answer to Pale Face.

Olive.—Practical, determined and a I tle selfish.

Hesperite.—Generous, ambitious and warm-hearted

Poppy, Whitby.—Deceiving, self-esteem and ambition.

Golden Rod.—Wilfulness, vanity and determination.

An American.—Erratic, original, careless and witty.

Reba.—Decision, self-reliance and self-esteem are shown here

Honeymoon.—Writing exhibits firmness, energy and ambition.

Tilly.—Neatness, truthfulness, perseverance and energy are shown here.

Maclaren.—You are probably decisive, energetic, quick-tempered and witty.

Paradox.—Self-reliant, even-tempered fond of display and romantic in disposition.

Kerry.—Vanity, perseverance, ambition and tact are exhibited by this writing.

Marguerite, Owen Sound.—Sensitiveness, determination and good intuition.

Tess Whitby.—Reserve, caution, vanity and determination are strongly marked.

Marietta.—Sensitiveness, perseverance and much warmth of feeling are shown here.

Dedra, St. Catharines.—Impulsive, wilful erratic and careless, warm-hearted and self-esteeming.

Mar.—Your penmanship betokens love of order, reserve, prudence, self-esteem, ambition and tact.

Kokichuro.—Self esteem, carelessness, indecision, generosity and even temper are strongly marked.

Sweet Pea.—Your writing denotes precision, caution. vanity and self-reliance.

Sweet Pea.—Carelessness, languor, self-esteem and extremely high standard of justice and honor.

Yolande, Stratford.—Your writing denotes precision, perseverance and a calculating disposition.

Madeline.—Quietly-determined, practical, a little vain, very self-reliant and of a hopeful disposition.

Gitana.—Self-esteem, carelessness, originality and much warmth of feeling are exhibited by your writing.

Tory, Aurora.—Your writing shows reserve, considerable policy, warm temper and hopeful temperament.

Esperic.—I think you are very practical, self-esteeming, inclined to be self-asserting, decided and honorable.

Tobin Lily.—Vanity, a practical and generous nature and considerable love of admiration are shown here.

Ingraham.—Impulsive, hasty temper, self-esteem, ambition, vanity and warmth of heart are shown by this writing.

Dreutante, Hamilton.—Vanity, generosity, sensitiveness and decision are strongly marked by your writing.

Royal Lassie Jean.—Your writing displays a lack of firmness, carelessness, wilfulness and a generous nature.

Gypsy, St. Catharines.—Erratic, impulsive, very susceptible to flattery, conscientious and having good intuition.

Phyllis.—Your writing marks a variable temperament, ambition, sador of attachment and a romantic disposition.

Saloma, Windsor Centre.—Your writing denotes an indomitable will, an erratic temperament, and a bright and fun-loving disposition.

J. Howard Cawthorn, Stratford.—Your hand changes in the sample enclosed. Send me another specimen written in one style and that your usual one.

Marie Stuart.—Your writing is illegible in many instances. It shows extreme sensitiveness, egotism, susceptibility to flattery and indecision.

Socrates, Belleville.—Self-esteem, policy, decision, romance of feeling and extreme kindness of heart are your prominent characteristics.

Dot, Aurora.—I think you are doubtless an impulsive, kind-hearted and generous little woman, with a quick temper and a sunshiny disposition.

Pale Face, Orangeville.—Peevishness, sensitiveness and a strongly emotional nature are the distinguishing characteristics denoted by your writing.

T. O. N., London.—Your writing shows some vanity, determination, a thoroughly practical nature with good intuition, and an idea of policy in business.

Young Truly, Hamilton.—You are, doubtless, determined, self-reliant, very practical, of a hopeful and merry disposition and inclined to be self-willed.

Adelaide B.—Tendency to exaggeration, self-will, vanity, decision and generosity are shown by your writing. I should fancy, too, that you are sensitive and impulsive, though high-spirited.

Margery Daw.—Indecision, candor and hopefulness are prominently displayed by your writing, and the same traits of character are noticeable in the enclosed specimen of "a bad writer."

McGuff, Hamilton.—Mr. McG. was located at Kingston last week. You must be a brother of the famous Max. Writing denotes self-reliance, jealousy, ardor of attachment and sensitiveness.

Anna Vincent.—Take your manuscript to any of the book publishers and if they deem it salable they will publish it, making special arrangements with you as regards price. You can, at any rate, have it published at your own expense, if you so desire.

Arthur G. Francis.—Writing denotes perseverance, candor, fondness of a quiet life and romantic disposition. The monotone of which you speak is cultivated. Properly used it adds dignity and reverence to the reading of the scriptures, but abused it is simply intolerable.

School Marm and Fuzzy School Girls.—Vanity, generosity, fondness of admiration and indecision are strongly marked. No. 1. Preserving, jealous and self-willed. 2. Even-tempered, sensitive, self-esteeming. 3. Same as No. 2 and generous. 4. Generous, honest and practical.

Little Dorrit.—So you wonder if I really do "know anything about it." Well, I think so you bet! Your writing shows a great deal of firmness, but I am afraid it is the stay-still kind—I mean you are not very persevering. Honesty, reserve and a practical nature are also marked.

Vasiti, Windham Centre.—You are very orderly, self-willed, a little vain, affectionate but reserved. I do not know what you mean by "second plan." There is a great deal of common sense in not wanting what you cannot have. Try that and deterr ine to be happy. I think you will succeed.

Vesi, Hamilton.—Your post card just to hand. I am working to-day or could send in the list of January and first of February, I do not remember your name, and if I have not delineated your writing, I have not received the letter. Send me a specimen of your ordinary penmanship, and I will do my best with it.

Jim.—You ask me when I think a man has a "right" to kiss a girl, and refer to my remarks on the "Passion Flower," some little time ago. I can only reiterate my statement, and add that the right is that of an intended husband or a relative, and a very near one. No, it is not improper, but your friend had better accompany you. Your writing denotes a sympathetic, wilful and romantic nature, a little pride and indecision.

Ant, Brockville.—So you think I am kind hearted, and you would like to know me. As to the first I'm afraid the kind corner of my heart has become fossilized, as to the second I wish you did know me. As to the third, I would like to see anyone who is going to marry a man, and is not sure if she loves him, must be a wonder of a specimen. Don't you do it, Amy. You'll find there is unhappiness in that, and intensely disagreeable than "genteel poverty." Your writing denotes reserve, quick-temper, generosity, energy and a practical nature.

Chelsy Orsoff, Woodstock.—Cocoanut oil will darken the hair, but would be very unpleasant and unsightly for it. Why not allow the tresses to remain as they are? most of the applications are not entirely harmless, and if eyes, eyebrows and complexion quarrel with the new shades, how ridiculous one looks. For red hair, use a cold cream made of the following ingredients: Oil of almonds, 3 oz., white wax, 1 oz. Melt together in an iverhem vessel over the fire, and when nearly cold add 2 oz of rose water. Do not wear tight clothing, gloves or shoes, for the cause of red hands is not always a local one. Your writing denotes a flippant disposition, self-will, self-esteem and considerable impetuosity and sensitiveness.

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Mr. Root (of Chicago, cautiously feeling his way)—Ah, Miss Paragrapher, are you fond of—that is to say, could you bring yourself to think of—in short, do you like roots?

Miss Paragrapher (of Duluth)—Is it the root of all evil?

(Truthfully)—"No, it's root hog or die."

"No, Mr. Root, I am no vegetarian."—*Time.*

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Social and Personal.

(Continued from Page Ten.)

Strickland, Mr. F. S. Dickey. Music was furnished by the Italian band. A *recherche* supper was served about midnight and dancing was continued for some hours afterwards. A most enjoyable time was spent by all present.

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Miss Wodsworth of Huron street entertained a number of her friends on Thursday last to five o'clock tea. Among those present were Mrs. H. D. Armstrong, Mrs. B. Anderson, Mrs. Henry Duggan, Miss Murray, Miss Bright, Miss Edith McFarlane, Miss Julia Denison, Miss Horrocks, Miss Cochrane, Miss Hime, Miss Maud Gillmore and many others.

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A pretty wedding took place on Wednesday evening, February 12, in Sherbourne street Methodist church, the occasion being the marriage of Mr. Will S. Kerman and Miss Emilie May Anderson, daughter of Mr. Wm. Anderson, city auditor. At seven o'clock, the hour appointed for the ceremony, every available seat in the commodious edifice was occupied, while a large number of persons unable to gain admission crowded the vestibule. Rev. Dr. Stafford, pastor of the church, officiated. Miss Berile Dillabough of Hamilton acted as bridesmaid and two little nieces of the bride, Miss Eva Anderson of Toronto and Miss Hazel Kitchen of St. George, made very pretty flower girls. Mr. Bert Hodgetts supported the groom, and Mr. Walter of Brantford and Mr. R. Wilson of Toronto acted as ushers. The bride was attired in a dress of white faille, handsomely trimmed with pearls, a white hat covered with snowy white plumes and carried a large bouquet of white roses and hyacinths. The bridesmaid was dressed in pink gros grain silk trimmed with brocade and ribbon and bore a bouquet of Marechal Niel roses. After the ceremony the bridal party repaired to the residence of the bride's father where the newly married couple held a reception. After the wedding supper the happy couple left by the train for New York, Philadelphia and other eastern cities.

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Miss Michie gave a small party last Wednesday.

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Mr. and Mrs. Henry A. Taylor of Edge Lawn Villa, 24 Grenville street, gave an enjoyable At Home on Tuesday evening, February 13, the occasion being their wedding anniversary. Among the guests were: Mr. and Mrs. John Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Brown, sr., Mr. and Mrs. J. D. King, Mr. and Mrs. Mercer Adam, Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Williams, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Booth, Mr. and Mrs. Kingsland, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. C. A. B. Brown, Dr. and Mrs. Young, Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Malone, Dr. and Mrs. Garrett, Mr. and Mrs. D. Rose, Dr. and Mrs. Britton, Mr. and Mrs. E. Fletcher, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Boeckh, jr., Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Abbott, Mr. J. and Miss Carrick, Mr. E. and Miss Littlejohn, Mr. A. and Miss MacKenzie, Mr. K. and Miss Houston, Mr. E. and Miss Sampson, Miss Hatch of Whitby, Miss Bugg, Miss Fenwick, Miss Spooner, Miss Smith, Miss Thomas, Miss Jacobi, Miss Hay, Dr. Thistle, Mr. E. J. Badenach, Mr. J. S. Garvin, Mr. R. Cooper, Mr. B. Allen, Dr. Millar, Mr. F. J. Capon, Mr. T. J. Elgie, Mr. E. Matthews, Mr. W. D. McPherson, Mr. J. N. Bastedo, Mr. Jas. Bink, Mr. J. S. King and Mr. J. W. Gale, jr.

One of the pleasant social events of the season was the Canoe Club Ball, held in the Academy of Music on Thursday, February 13. This being the first entertainment of this kind given by the club they are to be congratulated on their success, which from all points of view was beyond what even the most sanguine had predicted. It was a most pleasing sight to an onlooker to see the gallant canoeists and their fair partners floating about in the variegated mass of the dance. Many beautiful and becoming costumes were worn and one had looked so bewitching in a simple gown of some white material as to attract almost everybody's attention. Canoeists both old and young were present, and it is whispered that many an engagement has been made for the coming aquatic season when they will be assisted in the pleasant occupation of paddling their own canoe. There were about three hundred present. The music was good and an excellent supper was provided by Lloyd. The programmes designed by Mr. J. D. Kelly were very unique, picturing the canoeist at his favorite summer sport and winter enjoyment in the ball-room. The badges were hand-painted on white silk cut in the shape of the club burgee. The stewards were Messrs. J. B. Gordon, A. Shaw, T. G. Elgie, Henry Wright, Cal. Shaw, W. H. P. Weston, George Sparrow and H. R. Tilley. These gentlemen deserve great credit for the energy and good judgment displayed by them, which insured the success of their undertaking, which was such that the ball will probably become an annual event of the club.

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Among those present were: Dr. N. A. Powell (Commodore), D. B. Jacques (Vice-Com.), J. D. Kelly (Rear Com.), Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Kerr, Mr. and Mrs. A. Cox, the Misses Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Cox, Mr. and Mrs. T. G. Foster, Mr. and Mrs. Pender, Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Adams, Mr. Herman and Miss Simmers, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Gordon, Miss Creighton, Miss Minnie Jacobi, Mr. J. H. Reeves, Miss M. Allen, Mr. F. A. Hall, Miss Barton, Mr. Chris. Henderson, Mr. F. B. and Miss Robins, Mr. Wm. St. Croix, Miss Peters, Miss Fenwick, Messrs. T. G. and R. B. Elgie, Miss Bridgerow, Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Botsford, Mr. D. Fleming, Miss B. Peters, Miss Gallie, Mr. A. and Miss Brownlee, Miss McFarlane, Mr. J. Esson, Miss Richey, Mr. J. and Miss Allen, Mr. A. and Miss Allen, Mr. F. W. Curzon, Miss Spink, Miss Smith, Mr. Fred Skinner of Gananoque, Mr. George F. Sinclair, Mrs. C. Powell, Mr. L. Knowles, Miss Gardner, Miss Powell, Mr. Will Fisher, Mr. A. C. Anderson, Mr. W. Harvey, Miss Carlisle, Mr. W. Rankin, Miss Wynn, Mr. R. Lovell, Miss Jackson, Mr. R. M. McClean, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. MacLean, Miss Birchall, Mr. W. H. Leeson, Miss M. A. Platts, Mr. Harry Masson, Miss Parsons, Mr. Fred and Miss Woodland, Miss Belle Kelso, Mr. E. Brownjohn, Mr. D. Ward, Mr. H. and Miss Creighton, Miss Weston, Mr. J. McKnight, Mr. and Mrs. Duperow, Mr. Booth, Miss McFarlane, Mrs. A. Barnes, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Carlisle, Mr. Cal. Shaw, Miss K. Burchall, Mr. C. W. and Miss Lennox, Mr. J. Staith, Miss C. Bright, Mr. R. J. and Miss Anderson, Mr. R. Duthie, Mr. C. W. Powell, Miss Connie Biddell, Mr. Ed. Parker, Miss Healey, Mr. H. W. Briggs, Miss A. Herman, Mr. J. E. Furth, Miss A. Lever, Miss Drew, Mr. E. Merrett, Miss Taggart, Miss Barley, Mr. A. Shaw, Miss G. Kelso, Mr. John Digmun, Miss K. Patterson, Mr. J. K. Conway, Mr. Walter Lawson, Mr., Mrs. and Miss Higman, Mr. R. A. Shutt, Miss C. Piddington, Mr. J. B. McLean, Mrs. Nixon, Mr. W. T. Tassie, Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Pringle, Dr. and Mrs. E. E. King, Mr. W. C. Thomson, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hoar, Mr. F. W. Heath, Miss Stone, Ald. and Mrs. J. K. Leslie, W. H. P. Weston, Miss Ranney, Miss Cleland, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Spottan, Miss McGlum, Dr. and Mrs. Clelland, Mr. W. G. and Miss Ellis, Miss Trotter, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Pieper, Miss Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Reid, Miss Wright, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Matheson, Miss Grant, Miss Pike, Mr. R. M. Foy, Miss F. E. Hoar, Miss B. Weston, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Sanderson, Miss Hickling, Miss Gwynne, Mr. T. C. Blogg, Miss Fannie Fraser, Mr. and Mrs. Stanbury Finch, Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Jephcott, Mr. Alf. and Miss Jephcott, Mr. James and Miss Gertie Jephcott, Mr. James Lister, Miss Tyrell, Mr. F. C. and Miss Minnie Hodgins, Mr. W. H. C. Burnett, Mr. H. F. Rowland, Mr. and Mrs. Gwatkin, Mr. J. Sinclair, Mr. Stewart, Miss Gwynne, Mr. Wright, Miss Weston, Miss L. Weston, Mr. H. McMillan, Mr. Henry Wright, Miss I. Grand, Miss Grand, Mr. J. Du Boles, Miss Maud Carlisle, Mr. A. Reed, Miss Crompton, Mr. E. H. Copp, Mr. H. C. Coates, Miss Taylor, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Iredale, Mr. G. P. and Miss Kluser, Mr. Frank S. Taggart, Mr. R. Green, Mrs. Green, Miss Maggie Moore of Orillia, Mr. and Mrs. Haskett, Mr. Fred and Miss Rogers, Miss Muldrew, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Sparrow, Mr. Geo. and Miss Sparrow, Miss K. Sparrow, Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Bingham, Mr. W. C. Lee, Mr. L. McBrien, Miss Edith Duncan, Mr. A. E. Bell, Mr. J. E. and Miss Brown, Miss Bell, Mr. A. H. Mason, Mr. H. R. Tilley, Mr. A. M. Rice, Mr. J. A. Bremner, Miss B. Hodgins, Miss Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Colin Postlethwaite, Mr. H. and Miss Green, Mr., Mrs., and Miss Fahey, Mr. S. W. McKeown, Miss Flett, Mr. and Miss McWhinney, Mr. J. A. Macdonald, Mr. Jas. Hoyack, Miss Gardner, Mr. J. Marks, Miss Bright, Mr. Frank H. Till, Miss H. Vale, Mr. J. W. Stanley, Miss Sylvester, Major Leigh, Miss Moodie, Miss Stammers, Mr. W. Stone, Miss May White of Brockville, Mr. D. C. Ross, Mr. H. Scholfield, Miss Ramsay, Miss Robins, Mr. Hugh C. McLean of Montreal, Miss Phillips, Miss Gayler, Mr. R. and Miss Morrison, Miss Taggart, Dr. G. B. Smith, Miss Haskett, Mr. R. Crean, Mr. A. J. Brook.

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The Catholic Young Ladies' Literary Association will hold its first open meeting at St. Patrick's Hall, McCaul street, on Wednesday evening, February 26. An interesting programme will be given.

Art and Artists.

Mr. G. A. Reid has completed the picture entitled The Story, which I wrote of in this column some time ago. It represents a group of four boys seated in a hay-loft, listening attentively to a yarn which the fifth boy is spinning. The light which comes in through a hole in the wall, a little above the group, shines full on the face of the narrator and brings out the animated yet earnest expression of the story teller, which is forcibly assisted by the pose of the arm and hands in gesticulation. To any person who has lived at any time on a farm this picture appeals with a special interest. The grouping is effective and the coloring almost uniformly excellent. The picture is in Mr. Reid's best vein and is a decided addition to Canadian art. It has been purchased by Mr. E. B. Osler.

VAN.

Toronto College of Music.

The following programme was given in the College hall on Thursday evening, by pupils of Messrs. Torrington, Doward and Vogt.

1 { a, Prelude and Fugue in G (Bk. III., 297 Peters), Bach
2 Song—Star of My Heart ..... Denza
MISS PATERSON
3 { a, Allegretto ..... Steiner
b, Fantasia ..... Steiner
MISS LAVELLE
4 Song—Open Then Thy Lattice ..... Gregh
MISS HALL
5 { a, Andante ..... Calkin
b, Prelude and Fugue in D minor ..... Bach
MISS WILLIAMS
6 { a, Traumerei ..... Schumann
b, Offertoire in C minor ..... Wely
7 Song—The Return ..... Lucantoni
MISS RUTHERFORD
8 { a, Adagio ..... Smart
b, March ..... Silas
MR. BURDEN
9 Song—I'll follow Thee ..... Farmer
MISS MORTIMER
10 { a, Fugue in D major ..... Bach
b, Fanfare ..... Lemmens
MISS CLARKE
11 Aria—Infelice, (Ernani) ..... Verdi
MR. BAGULEY
12 { a, Andantino ..... Merkel
b, Allegro Moderato ..... Rink
MR. HEWITT (pupil of Mr. Vogt)
13 Scene and Aria—Softly Sighs, (Der Freischutz) ..... Weber
MISS RYAN
14 Sonata No. 2 ..... Mendelssohn
Grave, adagio, allegro, unestoso. fugue.
MR. HALL

Mr. Fred Jewell is again at the old Colborne street house, and many of his old friends are welcoming him back. The reputation he has carved during the past thirty years has placed him first in the list of caterers, and as of old he intends to give his particular attention to this branch of the business.

H. C. Kennedy's company playing Bartley Campbell's drama Siberia will commence a week's engagement at Jacobs & Sparrow's on Monday, February 24. The New York *World* said of this play: "Humanitarianism was the fundamental motive in the work. The struggles of the oppressed against the oppressors were vividly pictured in a romance which dealt with the unbridled passions of the nobility and the retaliation of their victims. Much as Charles Dickens showed in his Tale of Two Cities that the terrible French revolution grew out of the betrayal of a poor peasant girl, so Bartley Campbell illustrated in Siberia that Nihilism was nurtured by the same cause. In both works a sister's vengeance is the prime factor. It was a smooth performance and the members of the company all did justice to their respective *roles.*"

Out of Town.

OTTAWA.

Many faces usually seen at Government House on Saturday afternoons were missed on Saturday afternoon last, owing to the counter-attraction in the shape of the Macdowell matinee at the Grand Opera House.

On Monday afternoon Mrs. C. H. Mackintosh of Daly avenue was At Home to a large number of friends.

On Monday evening the second dance of the season was given at Government House. A remarkable feature was the absence of programmes. It appears that a suggestion was thrown out by a fair one, who is in high favor with the Vice-Regal circle, that the doing away with programmes would tend to make the dance less formal and consequently more enjoyable. The hint was taken, and although the effect was not as satisfactory as might be wished, it is to be feared that the precedent will be followed by more than one hostess in future.

Monday afternoon last found Mrs. W. G. Perley busily engaged in entertaining some hundreds of her friends. The spacious ball-room was thrown open for the afternoon and was made good use of.

Wednesday being Ash Wednesday ought perhaps to be chronicled as the full stop to all social gaiety, but alas, the state of social morals here is not such as to allow this.

Dr. A. R. C. Selwyn and Miss Selwyn gave a most enjoyable party yesterday evening at their residence in Cartier street.

A snowshoe tramp inaugurated by the staff of Government House yesterday evening was a great success.

Dinners were given during the week by Sir John and Lady Macdonald, Sir Hector Langevin, the Hon. J. A. and Madame Chapleau, Sir Adolphe and Lady Caron, and by the Speakers of both Houses, as well as the usual Government House dinners.

BELLEVILLE.

Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips gave an At Home musicale at Glanmore, on Monday, February 10, from four to seven, a large number of invitations had been issued and universally accepted. The handsome residence was not crowded but comfortably filled. Ever since Christmas society has been so dull, everybody being ill or convalescent that one could not gather enough friends for even a small evening. This then was the first break in the dull monotony and all were in the best of humor; the afternoon was bright, the atmosphere crisp, the driving and walking all that could be desired; the beautiful rooms were darkened, well lit with gas, filled with flowers, and warm and cheerful. Cheerfulness is a new feature in afternoon teas. There was none of that stiffness usual upon such occasions. Mrs. Phillips did the honors with a grace that made every one feel at home. The 15th. Batt. orchestra band under the leadership of Prof. Riggs sustained their high reputation and discoursed sweet and classic music from an alcove in the drawing room. Mrs. Campbell of Argyle Lodge gave a fine piano solo with her usual and well known taste. Mrs. Caldwell of Toronto and Miss Maud Burdette gave a duet, The Mocking Bird, by Alfred Pease. Mrs. Caldwell was in splendid voice, and our own beautiful songstress, Miss Burdette, did herself full justice. Mr. Warrington of Toronto also lent his skill to the occasion and gave a solo in fine voice. Altogether the entertainment was delightful. The refreshments were served in the spacious dining-room. Among those present were Mrs. John Bell, who wore a handsome black corded silk gown, trimmed with black and white velvet brocade, and black hat; Mrs. Warrington, sage green silk, trimmed with velvet and applique lace, hat and plumes of sage green; Mrs. W. Northrup of Offendene wore tan silk trimmed with velvet, bonnet to match; Miss Nora Clench of Toronto, cream directoire gown, dove colored watteau hat, fur boa; Mrs. Caldwell of Toronto, fawn silk, handsomely trimmed; Mrs. Potts, black silk, trimmed with jet, large hat with ostrich plumes; Miss Egan, cardinal surah silk, Gainsboro' hat; Miss Tempe Falkiner, cream nun's veiling, bear boa, black velvet hat trimmed with white flowers and plumes; Miss Edith Simpson, brown suit, hat to match, wolf boa and muff; Miss Mary Falkiner, cream dress trimmed with black velvet, Gainsboro' hat; Miss Annie Wallbridge, brown dress and jacket with fawn vest and applique trimmings, and a brown hat; Miss Edith Simpson, brown costume, wolf boa and muff; Miss O'Hare, black cashmere dress, white felt hat with white plumes; Miss Murney, electric blue silk, cream bonnet. The hostess, Mrs. Phillips, wore a peacock blue plush gown *en traine*, trimmed with figured china silk and silver brocade.

Miss Nora Clench and Miss Colvin of Toronto were the guests of Mrs. N. B. Falkiner at Ballyrickard during their stay in Belleville.

Mrs. Caldwell of Toronto was the guest of Mrs. J. P. C. Phillips at Glanmore.

Mrs. T. Caldwell of Winnipeg is again revisiting the home of her childhood and is the guest of Miss Wallbride at the Willows.

Mrs. John Bell gave a delightful At Home at her residence Queen street, on Tuesday afternoon. The weather was again most propitious and a large number availed themselves of her kind hospitality.

Miss M. H. Keegan, formerly of this city, is in the South of France with her friends the Del'Aubinieres. They expect to be in London in April for the season, after which they will return to Canada.

Mr. J. G. Boyce, accountant of the Bank of Commerce, has been promoted to the head office, Toronto. Mr. and Mrs. Boyce were prominent in church and charitable work here and are much regretted.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—EXTRA

THREE NIGHTS ONLY. Beginning Thursday, February 27. Saturday Matinee. Daniel Frohman's N. Y. Lyceum Theatre Company. Presenting the famous four-act society comedy by David Belasco and Henry C. De Mille, authors "Lord Chumley," "The Charity Ball," "The WIFE" "The WIFE" "The WIFE" "The WIFE" "The WIFE" "The WIFE" "The WIFE" "The WIFE"

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Mr. Boyd Putnam
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Mr. S. Miller Kent
Mr. Henry Talbot
Mr. Thomas H. Burns
Mr. C. B. Field
Mr. A. W. Gregory
Miss Frances Gaunt
Miss Ethel Graybrooks
Miss Etta Hawkins
Miss Elita Loran
Miss Olive Dunton

ACT I.—Mrs. Ive's villa, Newport. July. The amateur theatricals. The old affair. "The Lover."

ACT II.—Reception room at Senator Dexter's, Washington. February. Mrs. Dexter's ball. The quarrel. "The husband."

ACT III.—Library in Rutherford's house, Washington. Same evening. The investigation. The confession. "Too marriage tie." (Midnight view of the Capitol.)

ACT IV.—Same scene. April. The eclipse. The mission to St Petersburg. "The Wife."

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Tuesday Evening, February 25

AGNES THOMSON, Soprano

Miss Marie C. Strong, contralto; Miss Agnes Knox, elocutionist; Mr. E. W. Schuch, bass; Mr. Harry M. Field, solo pianist; Master Geo. Fox, solo violinist; Mr. G. H. Fairclough, accompanist; and the University Glee Club. Mr. E. W. SCHUCH, Musical Director.

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100 pieces beautiful new patterns and shadings in Prints at 10c.
300 pieces extra wide, lovely pattern, 15c. Prints, marked to sell at 12½c.
100 pieces American Novelty India Robe, 15c.
150 pieces Mosaic Print, Paisley patterns, 16½c.
190 pieces extra Checked and Plaid Ginghams at 10c. a yard.
150 pieces Plain, Checks and Plaid Ginghams, 15c. goods for 12½c.
300 pieces beautiful Swiss Check Muslin, York shilling goods for 8½c.
90 pieces Checked Shirtings, 6½c., 8c., 10c. and 12½c.

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ANNUAL REPORT, 1889.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of this Company was held in the Company's office, Front street, on Wednesday, the 19th inst., the Governor, Mr. John Morison, occupying the chair. Among the gentlemen present were: H. Pellatt, W. J. Macdonell, Thos. Long, J. Y. Reid, Robert Thompson, Geo. H. Smith, (New York), A. Myers, Dr. Robertson, John Leys, Alex. Willis, J. Morison, jr., Wm. Adamson, J. K. Nevin, Alex Smith, J. Jackes and C. D. Barton.

The Assistant Secretary, Mr. W. H. Banks, read the following report:

The Directors have much pleasure in presenting the Fifty-sixth Annual Statement of the affairs of the Company, for the year ending December 31, together with the balance sheet duly audited.

Notwithstanding the many large conflagrations which have occurred, the Directors are able to congratulate the shareholders on a very profitable year.

You will also notice that the Marine department is in a prosperous condition.

Owing to the stringency in the money market at the close of the year, our investments have depreciated to the extent of $5,642.68, and after deducting this amount the profit and loss account shows the very handsome gain of $96,029 19.

The Directors desire to thank the agents and special agents for their active co-operation in guarding the interests of the company.

All of which is respectfully submitted.

J. MORISON, Governor.

STATEMENT OF ASSETS AND LIABILITIES FOR THE YEAR ENDING DECEMBER 31, 1889.

Assets.

U. S Government and State bonds	$ 540,737 50
Bonds, debentures and other dividend paying investments	255,559 40
Real estate	150,000 00
Office furniture, business maps, etc.	21,197 02
Agents' balances	96 844 14
Cash in banks	68,974 28
Cash in office	1 56
Interest due and accrued	6,267 41
	$1,169,281 33

Liabilities.

Capital stock		$ 500,000 00
Losses under adjustment—		
Fire	$97,627 67	
Marine	1,384 55	
		59,012 22
Dividend No. 91—Balance	3,458 12	
Dividend No. 92—Balance	17,500 00	
		20,958 12
Balance		589,311 01
		$1,169,281 33

Profit and Loss.

Fire losses paid	$405,795 06	
Fire losses unsettled	57,627 67	
		$463,422 73
Marine losses paid	37,749 85	
Marine losses unsettled	1,384 55	
		39,134 38
Commissions and all other charges		241,419 82
Government and local taxes		19,121 75
Rent account, including taxes		3,259 90
Depreciation in investments		5,642 68
Balance		96,029 19
		$870,029 54
Fire premiums	$812,591 56	
Less reinsurance	57,066 98	
		$755,524 58
Marine premiums	84,526 92	
Less reinsurance	9,917 38	
		75,609 54
Interest		33,754 15
Rent account		5,451 29
		$870,029 54

SURPLUS FUND.

Dividend No. 91	$17,500 00	
Dividend No. 92	17,500 00	
		$ 35 000 00
Balance		589,311 01
		$624,311 01
Balance from last statement		$526,282 83
Profit and loss		98 028 19
		$624,311 01

REINSURANCE LIABILITY.

Balance at credit of surplus fund	$589,311 01
Reserve to reinsure outstanding risks	401 042 36
Net surplus over all liabilities	$188,268 65

To the Governor and Directors of the British America Assurance Company:

GENTLEMEN,—We, the undersigned, having examined the securities and vouchers and audited the books of the British America Assurance Company, Toronto, certify that we have found them correct, and that the annexed balance sheet is a statement of the Company's affairs to December 31, 1889.

R. R. CATHERON, HENRY M. PELLATT, } Auditors.

Toronto, Ont., Feb. 7, 1890.

Governor Morison said: The Annual Report being so clear, I think it leaves very little for me to add, for you will see that we have kept the Fire and Marine business entirely separate, and the statement shows the exact result in each department. However, there are a few points I wish to submit for your consideration.

In past years it was the habit of this company, and is still the custom with some other insurance companies in Canada, to leave the cash account open for ten or twelve days at the beginning of each year, and to put in one item, "cash in bank and in office." We, however, believe that this is not the correct practice, but that not only the loss account, but also the cash account, should be closed on the 31st December of each year, as is the usual course adopted by every merchant, because, by leaving the account open, a large amount of money is received from agents during that time and is merely transferred from the "agents' balances" to the "Cash in Office" Account. In making up our statement, however, we simply allow the facts to remain as they were on the 31st December.

Another point to which I desire to call your attention is that when the present directorate assumed the management of this Company the amount of outstanding unsettled losses was $151,906 99, while you will observe the amount at the end of 1889 was only $59,012 20, showing that the Company is in a much cleaner condition than in former years.

I would also bring to your notice the state of our reinsurance reserve, to which we have added $9,695.48. It is the rule with some companies to simply estimate that liability, while we, on the other hand, desire to be guided by the Government standard, and the accountant allows the amount required by that standard for every risk that enters the office, which has been found by experience to be absolutely necessary to run off the liability. You will note, therefore, that the $401,042.36 reserve for insurance is equal to 48¼ cents for every dollar of our income during the past year.

Another very important matter which I would draw your attention to, is the fact that our entire business for 1889 has been done at an expense ratio of 31.3 10 per cent., which is the lowest expense ratio of any Stock Company doing a similar agency business in America.

Now, gentlemen, with these facts before you I think we have every reason to feel gratified at the result of the year's business and with no barnacles surrounding your excellent property, with the same industry and perseverance displayed by every one connected with the company we should produce like results yearly.

I now beg to move the adoption of the report.

Moved by the Governor, seconded by the Deputy-Governor, that the report now read be adopted and printed for distribution among the shareholders. Carried.

Moved by J. Jackes, seconded by Alex. Smith, that the thanks of the shareholders are due and are hereby tendered to the Governor, Deputy-Governor and the Directors of this Company for their attention to the interests of the Company during the past year. Carried.

Moved by J. Y. Reid, seconded by Dr. Robertson, that Messrs. H. Pellatt, W. J. Macdonell and John K. Niven be appointed scrutineers for taking the ballot for directors to serve during the ensuing year, and that the poll be closed as soon as five minutes shall have elapsed without a vote being taken. Carried.

The following is the scrutineers' report:

We, the undersigned scrutineers appointed at the annual meeting of the British America Assurance Company on February 19, 1890, declare the following gentlemen duly elected directors for the ensuing year: Messrs. John Morison, John Leys, Hon. William Cayley, J. Y. Reid, A. Myers, G. R. Kingsborn, George H. Smith, Thomas Long and Dr. H. Robertson.

W. J. MACDONELL, H. PELLATT, JOHN K. NIVEN, } Scrutineers.

The meeting then adjourned.

At a subsequent meeting of the Board Mr. John Morison was unanimously re-elected Governor and Mr. John Leys Deputy-Governor for the ensuing year.

JOSEPH LAWSON, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
Office, 4 King Street East.
Evenings at residence, 461 Church Street.

HENRY C. FORTIER, Issuer of Marriage Licenses.
At office—16 Victoria Street, 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.
At residence—57 Murray Street, evenings. TORONTO.

SAMUEL J. REEVES, Issuer of Marriage Licenses, 601 Queen Street West, between Portland and Bathurst Streets. Open from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. Residence 118 Palmerston Avenue.

GEO. EAKIN, Issuer of Marriage Licenses
Court House, Adelaide Street
and 336 Carlton Street

The Cradle, the Altar and the Tomb

Births.

NICOL—At Tilbury Center, on February 11, Mrs. A. R. Nicol—a son

EDWARDS—At Toronto, on February 14, Mrs. Ernest W. Edwards—a daughter.

MORRIS—At Parkdale, on February 15, Mrs. Massey Morris—a son.

GREY—At Weston, on February 10, Mrs. J. W. Grey—a son.

McGRORY—On February 17, Mrs. John McGrory—a son.

MONAGHAN—On February 4, Mrs. John Monaghan—a son.

EDMONDS—At Toronto, on February 16, Mrs. Charles E. Edmonds—a son.

BOND—At Toronto, on February 12, Mrs. Edwin Bond—a son.

CAMPBELL—At Toronto, on February 13, Mrs. John Campbell—a son.

MILLARD—At Hamilton, on February 15, Mrs. J. W. Millard—a daughter.

MONTIZAMBERT—At Chatham, N. B., on February 1, Mrs. Alexander Montizambert—a daughter.

SMITH—On February 5, Mrs. Geo. H. Smith—a son.

LEE—At Ottawa, on February 17, Mrs. William Horace Lee—a daughter.

McGRORY—At Toronto, on February 17, the wife of John McGrory, Hotel Metropole, of a son.

Marriages.

HYSLOP—HOSKINS—At Toronto, on February 13, Wm. B. Hyslop to Mary Hoskins.

SINCLAIR—EWING—At Cobourg, on February 12, John Alexander Sinclair to Cora Victoria Ewing.

FLEMING—DRAKE—At Kingsville, Ont., on February 12, Oscar C. Fleming to Caroline M. R. Drake.

VIRTUE—HASTIE—At Montreal, on February 12, Edward Charles Virtue to Janet Hastie

CATLIN—REEVE—At Montreal, on November 18, Jonas T. Catlin to Hannah Reeve.

O'RILEY—MARTER—At Hamilton, Frank O'Riley to Ida Marter.

McAREE—EMERY—At Toronto, on February 13, John McAree to Gabriella Loughton (Lilla) Emery.

REEZ—HARRISON—At Fergus, on February 12, Wm. H. Reez to Hannah E. Harrison.

ROY—ELLIOT—At Meaford, on February 12, Wm Roy to Lizzie Elliott.

ROSSIDES—LAPP—At Uxbridge, on February 12, W. N. Ironsides to Minnie Lapp.

COLQUHOUN—COLQUHOUN—At Cornwall, on February 12, A. A. Urquhart Colquhoun to Mary Robina Co quhoun.

KERMAN—ANDERSON—At Toronto, on February 12, Will S. Kerman to Emilie May Anderson.

SULLIVAN—ADAMSON—On February 17, John T. Sullivan to Ella Adamson.

DIXON—DAVISON—At Toronto, on February 17, W. A. Dixon to Florence Davison.

EDWARDS—MAGINN—At Wexford, on February 12, Wm. Edwards to Nettie Maginn.

COOPER—BARTON—At Toronto, on February 13, Isaac J. Cooper to Emma Collard Barton.

MILES—BROWNE—At Deer Park, on February 13, Wm. Estes Miles to Maud Mary Evelyn Browne.

DINGMAN—CROSS—At Whitby, on February 12, W. W. Dingman to Kate A. Cross.

HUGHES—BELL—At Unionville, on February 18, James A. Hughes to Esther Annie Bell.

Deaths.

MURRAY—At Toronto, on February 12, Mrs. Daniel Murray.

DEVINS—At Toronto, on February 12, Nathan C. Devins

CHRISTIE—At Toronto, on February 13, Peter Christie, aged 44 years.

McLAURIN—At Rioville, Ont., on February 6, Peter McLaurin, aged 86 years.

NEELANDS—At Hornby, on February 7, Daniel Neelands, aged 59 years.

SINCLAIR—At Strathclair, on January 16, John Sinclair, aged 61 years.

ROBINSON—At Strathclair, on February 7, Mrs. Mary Sinclair Robinson, aged 68 years.

PIGGOTT—At Bowmanville, on February 12, George Piggott, aged 55 years.

PIGGOTT—At Bowmanville, on February 12, William R. Piggott, aged 45 years.

ADAMS—At Parry Sound, on February 11, Hattie A. Adams.

LOW—At Thorold, Ont., on February 11, Mrs. Agnes Paterson Low, aged 77 years.

McCAUSLAND—At Indianapolis, Ind., on February 12, Lauzie May McCausland, aged 20 years.

PHIPPS—At Toronto, on February 13, Mrs. Lucy A. Phipps, aged 72 years.

RICE—At Toronto, on February 11, Hance Rice, aged 52 years.

CAMPBELL—At Toronto, on February 15, Mrs. Eliza Helen Campbell, aged 82 years.

JOHNSTON—At Toronto, on February 15, William J. Johnston, aged 30 years.

TWIST—At Toronto, on February 15, Mrs. Margaret Twist, aged 56 years.

FIRBS—At Toronto, on February 5, Mrs. Elizabeth Shillingiaw Gibb, aged 68 years.

HINAN—At Weston, Catharine Gertrude, daughter of Michael and Ellen Hinan, aged 2 years.

BEAUMONT—At Toronto, on January 16, James Beaumont, aged 53 years.

CLARK—At Quebec, on February 6, Mrs. W. B. Clark, aged 75 years.

DALTON—At Toronto, on February 14, W. H. Dalton, M.D., aged 75 years.

HAMILTON—At Toronto, on February 16, infant daughter of W. A. and Lilian Hamilton.

SIZE—At Nicolston, on February 12, Peter Size, aged 73 years.

COWAN—At Toronto, on February 13, infant son of Frederick and Priscil a Cowan, aged 1 month

McGILLIVRAY—At Kilsonby, on January 27, Lachlan McGillivray, aged 86 years.

SOMMERVILLE—At Toronto, on February 17, beloved son of Frank and Maggie Sommerville, in his 7th year.

BAKER—At Toronto, on February 14, Mrs. J. C. Baker.

RAWBONE—At Toronto, on February 17, Wm. G. Rawbone, aged 81 years.

KELLER—At Uxbridge, on February 13, Francis Keller, aged 64 years.

GREY—At Weston, on February 16, Mrs. W. Grey, aged 29 years.

MORRINGTON—At Georgina, on February 11, Mrs. Mary Ann Mossington, aged 79 years.

FITCH—At Grimsby, on February 16, Jacob Davis Fitch.

McCARROLL—At Meaford, on February 14, Mrs. Margaret McCarroll, aged 71 years.

ROBINSON—At West Gwillimbury, on February 15, Mrs. Gilbert Robinson, aged 79 years.

BAYLY—At Toronto, on February 16, William Bayly, aged 59 years.

McDOUGALL—At Bowmanville, on February 17, John McDougall, aged 35 years.

ARMSTRONG—At Toronto, on February 18, Joseph Armstrong, aged 72 years.

CLENDENNING—At Streetsville, on February 18, John Clendenning, aged 87 years.

TOOZE—At Toronto, on February 18, youngest son of Fred and Julia Tooze, aged 1 year.

LEGGOTT—In Markham Township, on February 15, S. Leggott, aged 64 years.

G. L. BALL, DENTIST
Honor Graduate of Session '83 and '84.
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Sale of Valuable Furniture Wednesday, Feb. 26, at 185 Yonge Street.
Sale of Valuable Furniture Thursday, Feb. 27, at 44 Spadina Avenue.
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